THE COMMONWEAL

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FANCY AND THE DUCATS

AMONG the scenes we should have enjoyed immensely, there is one particular favorite which must have been staged just inside a sagging, ink-stained door. What was Doctor Johnson's manner, precisely what were his words, upon that foggy afternoon when he forced into a publisher's hands the riches of Goldsmith's only novel? It scarcely seems possible that the Doctor himself took any deep delight in fiction. One gropes in vain through Boswell for a moment when the dictator, chuckling over his tenth cup of tea, challenged the world by saying: "My dear sir, that was a corking story!" But upon this memorable afternoon he must have enunciated some grandiose and gripping summary of the values of fiction. Was it preëminently ethical? Or sentimental and imaginative? We can only guess that its effect was notable and triumphant.

Knowledge of this summary would be valuable just now because of the bewildered modern search for a satisfying criterion of the novel. For nearly one hundred years fiction has been the Jenghis Khan of the literary world. Not even Professor Saintsbury could shoulder the task of reading through the innumerable narratives that have been called great. Still more impressive is the fact that no mortal creature can tell, in this case, what is really great. Perhaps the steady vogue of relative criticism throughout the nineteenth century was the result of this inability on the part of mankind to arrive at anything like an objective verdict about fictional art. We have clapped our hands at raw and rugged "cross-sections" of life; we have gone into ecstasies over ethereal symbolism; and lately we have observed, with some pleasure, the introduction of recondite psychological knowledge into the business of character analysis. Meanwhile the novel, like a careless and bored literary Moloch, has swallowed up all painstakingly arrived at definitions of genres and dictional beauty.

And if the mere question of what the novel is has been beyond answering, the query about what it ought to be remains even more unfathomable. Modern democratic society, which is always incapable of establishing or preserving a norm, disposes jauntily of all questions about standards with a phrase from Oscar Wilde. It concedes, for instance, excepting in moments of intoxicated sophistication, that morals have their place in domestic and civil existence. But because its morals are always preventive, purposive—in a manner foreign to the spirit of genuine religion—it frowns upon the old-fashioned habit of putting them into a picture of

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life. "Father dear, what will this book teach me?" inquires the decorous heroine of an ancient best-seller, coming from the library with a sombre volume in tree-calf, and thereby baffling twentieth-century comprehension. We really haven't the slightest idea—not only morally but otherwise—what the novel ought to be. Even Marion Crawford's suave impression that fiction exists to give pleasure has gone by the board. Who can get any pleasure out of Germinal? Or the American Tragedy?

Under the circumstances it is rather depressing to note that the novels which everybody will have to read —the only novels which many people can find time to read—are being selected by a peculiarly effective system of advertising. Some sardonic enemy of the human race must have conceived the idea of launching narratives with that awe-inspiring bottle of champagne known as the prize award. Was Mr. Nobel the first in the field? Well, we who yearn to be contemporary have since been forced to recognize the Prix Goncourt and the Prix Balzac. The august selective powers of the Academie Française have their way with us. And in the United States, beginning with the coveted Pulitzer prize, a system of substantial tips has introduced us to a growing chain of fictional head-waiters. When Fannie Hurst has been festooned with $50,000 for a serial, even the most staid among us cannot resist the temptation to read at least fifty pages. What endless possibilities are concealed under this idea!

The latest offering of prizes includes two which are more than usually educative. Curtis Brown, Limited, holds out the meagre sum of $7,500 to the author of the "best American biographical novel." The Atlantic Monthly Press, fishing in dark waters with a $10,000 bait, is delightfully non-specific. Any kind of novel, every kind of novel, will be welcome, the editors merely reserving the privilege of hauling up from the deep what they will. Now in this contrast between a defined object and a wide field lies some direction to thought. Is the public coming to prefer any certain type of story? Or is it as open as ever to endlessly varied forms? The most that can be said in reply is that the biographical novel itself is a proof of the ceaseless rejuvenation of aspect possible to fiction as a genre. Like Sir Walter's recourse to history or Balzac's flare for sociology, the imaginative biography is simply the use of the same old plow in new fields. And thereby is proved once again the superbly magistral efficacy, the universal reign, of the most modern of literary implements.

But though the system of prize awards may encourage new departures or multiply the yield, it is fatal to anything like what may be termed literary eugenics. The prize must be earned in sales; and it itself exists as an artificial stimulus to buying. Surely we are already surfeited with nicely wrapped tomes which the public gobbles up in lots of 100,000, the despairing citizen will say. But, as it happens, he will be only partly correct. The ability to swallow fiction is, after all, limited; and so great is the strain to which it has been subjected by competitive advertising and reams of unctuous blurbing that, like divers satiated Roman emperors, it needs a brand-new appetizer. Is this the prize award? The auditors alone will be able to say. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair Lewis may gain only a few more readers on the strength of this year's Pulitzer award.

One sometimes gets the impression that in their attitude toward the public, literary folk are not a little like expectant heirs cramming the soon-to-be-deceased uncle with flattery and tasty titbits. What will please him? What will he fall for? What will guarantee delivery of his legacy? And then one thinks momentarily of Cordelia, whose voice was sweetly low and whom braggadocio outraged. All the vices of literature—sentimentalism, insincerity, grossness, pandering —spring from the writing man's (and his publisher's) awkward assumption of the hand-shaking salesman's attitude. "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait" is excellent narrative advice, and exceedingly profitable if one happens to divine correctly the springs of popular tears, chuckles and suspense. But in so far as the use of language has aspired to be an art, it has beckoned to a more transcendental purpose. Nothing less than the hope of immortality has guided it; and the acclaim which it has yearned to get is at least as enduring as all time. The old thinker who said defiantly that change does not exist may have been a poor observer of the fissures in Ionian cliffs, but he was in all truth an artist. That which is beautiful about the falling of the sun into the waters, or the curve of Venus's arm, is indeed "a joy forever."

Fancy and the ducats have flirted but never wedded. And that is one reason why a not wholly barbarous section of the modern world is interested (as Mr. Ralph Adams Cram says elsewhere in these pages) in mediaevalism. The society which fashioned its twelfth-century home amid the ruins of great antiquity was not always a discerning or a well-behaved society. Savants of a later day could have taught it much about the vegetable side of life. But it never forgot a central, permanent, always reliable source of joy—the fact that work done is satisfactory only when it images an ideal sponsored by the mind. What is the meaning of art—or of life, too—unless it is material into which the forming spirit has passed? The utter insignificance of so much that now passes for creative literature is due to neglect of what was a mediaeval axiom. It is merely "stuff" in relation with which the intelligence has neither an active nor a passive function. No matter in how many novel garments it may venture forth, or under how many daubs of rouge and powder it parades, it remains an earthy creature because neither solitude, culture nor yearning has shown it the face of Minerva.

After all, might it not be an excellent, remedial idea to offer prizes for the books of antiquity?

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE sudden labor crisis in England came with the paradoxical unexpectedness always to be observed when a menacing situation has lasted so long that its sub-acute stage has become a habit of national life. While it is early to use the ominous words "social war" for the emergency which the British cabinet and people find themselves facing, there was more than rhetoric in the parallel which Mr. Lloyd George instituted between the eve of the general strike and the few days which preceded the plunging of Europe in the vortex of a world conflict. Then, as now, beneath a surface kept fallaciously calm by optimism and the remembrance of past occasions when danger had been conjured, all sorts of dark forces and irreconcilable ambitions had got out of hand and were racing to destruction. The elements that precipitate disaster, whether social or international, seldom appear clearly until after the explosion has taken place. Only then is it realized how immensely important is that incalculable factor, the temper of a people or of a social class; and how secondary, in comparison with it, can be the merits of the particular case which drives it to violent rupture with diplomacy or arbitration.

THE temper of the working classes in England has been sullen and antagonistic for many months, and the causes are not far to seek. First and foremost, undoubtedly, is the feeling that its brief essay in power, so widely heralded as the triumph of the democratic principle, was in the nature of a rather contemptuous experiment, and that it was terminated abruptly and by virtue of what looked very like a conspiracy before the Labor government had had time to outline its program for social amelioration. It should never be forgotten that the election which followed, though it resulted in a sweeping return to power of the party opposed to Labor, revealed an actual increase in the total Labor vote. Perhaps even more effectual in envenoming the temper of the workers has been the tone of the conservative press, more and more a syndicated and controlled affair, for whose temper it would be hard to find a parallel since the days of the Anti-Jacobin, and between the lines of whose diatribes it is not hard to read an implicit plea for the abridgement of liberties granted in easier days. We do not greatly relish the gloating statement attributed to Sir Alfred Mond in a United Press despatch, that "the unions' finances are depleted and that they will, therefore, not be able to hold out for long." Some comment upon the moral values at issue would have been more in place at such a time. But it is to be feared that it marks only too clearly a material spirit and desire for a knock-down-and-drag-out fight of which neither side is guiltless.

ONE of the greatest misfortunes of the present crisis, and one indeed which makes optimism as to its speedy solution hardest, is the fact that, in both parties, extremists, though not in place, are in power, and that the efforts of those anxious to find a solution seem to be hampered by the resolution of powerful "wings" to bring the clash of interests to a showdown in some manner that will cast discredit on their opponents. A great deal in the immediate future depends on the character of Premier Baldwin, whose resignation, under pressure of more extreme elements in his party, was rumored only a few days ago, and a great deal upon how far the more moderate spirits in both parties will be able to depend on support from the men behind them. But most of all, what seems to be necessary is a change in the national temper of the country that was once called "Merrie England," and some manner of reconciling rights with functions. No settlement that leaves this worse, or even no better than before, will be worth the paper it is written on. "In bitterness there is no wisdom."

THE terms upon which the French debt is to be liquidated indicate, naturally enough, that loans of this character are not profitable. Did anybody imagine they were? So little difference exists between the present accord and the suggestions which Caillaux sailed to offer, that we cannot believe the Debt Commission held out to get this difference. Very likely it postponed the agreement in order to test popular sentiment on the matter while the Italian and Belgian settlements were being discussed in Congress. In the face of populist opposition like that of Senator Reed, it was hazardous to accept as established the principle of payments based on ability to pay. But we seem to

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ıed, as a people, in favor of something bet- literal justice—better both because of its ɔn European reconstruction and its share in ːing the stability of our own foreign com- The French agreement ought to be ratified /. Finance is so distinctly the great problem ʾaris government that a refusal to see some- its stark significance for the people of France ɔe to forget utterly the rôle which, for better ʳse, we played in the conduct of the war. Though ɛrms as they stand are dependent somewhat upon ability of Germany to bear up under the strain ɾ the Dawes Plan, and may, moreover, severely tax the resources of the French people, their effect upon the franc ought to prove an inestimably valuable stimulus to international commerce.

THE publication of details concerning the plan which the unfortunate Hapsburg crown-prince, Francis Ferdinand, had prepared for the reconstruction of Austria-Hungary is a journalistic event of the first importance. Baron Eichhoff, diplomat and royal adviser, narrated in a recent issue of the Vienna Reichspost more than one fact of which the historian must take cognizance. Caricatures of the Hapsburgs as "idiots" and "degenerates" have been palmed off so steadily by writers who think themselves impartial, that a discovery of what kind of man Francis Ferdinand really was is almost a civic necessity. "According to the plan," says Baron Eichhoff, "the nine districts which had been given each one a separate cultural character by the races indigenous to them, were to be delineated carefully. Wherever the natural boundaries were questionable, they were to be settled by means of a simple and equitable plebiscite. The inhabitants of each district were then to enjoy complete autonomy: and under the new constitution the national freedom of each was to be limited only by the regulation that commercial exchange would be unhampered anywhere in Austria-Hungary. Thus every citizen of the 'United States of Austria' would have enjoyed, in so far as relations with foreign countries were concerned, those advantages which result from a unified, powerful, industrial and tariff centralization. There would have been no commercial barriers within the country, but instead singleness of customs-collection, railroad management, and national defense."

IF one remembers the nature of Austro-Hungarian dualism, as established in 1867, it becomes immediately apparent how courageous was the young man who met his death through the most fateful murder in history. He would have been obliged to refuse to take the oath of coronation in both Austria and Hungary until these two had agreed to welcome the manifesto already prepared for the occasion—a manifesto which declared boldly that "for the well-being of all peoples in all parts of our monarchy, we consider it our first duty to unite them all in a sovereign whole and to establish coördination between them on the basis of just principles." And if one compares the possibilities inherent in this sane and constructive program with the reality which has followed the Treaty of St. Germain, one cannot help regretting that the Austro-Hungarian people, annulling their four-centuries-old tradition, developed into nothing more than a handful of mutually spiteful states, each pauperized by its individualism and stripped of all idealisms save a bleak future.

THE first annual meeting of the Mediaeval Academy of America was characterized by optimism, in a twofold sense. Reports from the officials in charge of organization-work indicated a steady and satisfactory progress in the recruitment of membership. But though this material vitality was found encouraging, greater promise was discernible in what the speakers outlined as the spirit of the Academy. Elsewhere in this issue we reprint a portion of the address delivered by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, in which there is much food for thought about the peculiar significance of the middle-ages "for us now in our own time of change and decay and rejuvenescence." The same theme was elaborated, in a different fashion and with brilliant wit, by Dr. Edward Kennard Rand in his discussion of Mediaeval Gloom. He ventured even into that dusky territory, so often referred to by persons who have never visited it, as stark and abysmal—the theology of the Schools.

"I WOULD remark that even mediaeval theology has its plastic elements," said Dr. Rand. "Not that the goal was shifting. The conviction that there existed ultimate theological truth made the quest of the seeker real, and inspired his great attempt. For the ultimate and revealed truth of theology was one thing, and the human solution of the seeker another. His quest was permanent and not static. One gets curious notions sometimes about the philosophy of the Schoolmen, particularly from those who have not read a tractatulus of their writings and who characterize the main object of scholastic thought as the calculation of the number of angels who could stand on the point of a pin." We relish the practical point implied in this counsel—that the Mediaeval Academy is to concern itself with the abiding realities of civilization, as these were expressed in the middle-ages, and not with dotted i's and crossed t's. It is, doubtless, the germ of a great cultural program which is destined to elicit the coöperation of many.

THE poll upon compulsory college chapel just concluded by the National Student Federation of America, has succeeded in eliciting the opinion of 315 college heads, forty-two student editors, and twenty ministers engaged in collegiate work. It reveals considerable divergence of opinion, not so much upon the system

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itself, as upon its implications bearing upon the general degree of religious life among young American manhood of college age. Six hundred questionnaires were distributed to each of the two former categories, and the mere fact that less than 10 percent of the student editors thought it worth their while to reply certainly justifies the federation in its rather double-edged remark that "the agitation among undergraduates on the subject of compulsory chapel is not so widespread as one might have been led to believe." The professors who interpret the student silence, do it in various moods of depression or optimism, ranging all the way from President Hibben, who sees a "more widespread interest in moral problems," to another president, unnamed in press reports, who thinks that the student is "drifting to Bolshevism." There is a general tendency to regard chapel first and foremost as a means of "getting students together," and one would like to know a little more of the experience of President John Hoffmann, of Ohio Wesleyan University, who remarks cryptically (and unhistorically) that "at Wesleyan we demolish the old conception that religion and athletics cannot be presented in the same service without degrading religion."

WHAT would be immensely interesting and important to ascertain is, not so much the outward temper in which the undergraduate accepts compulsory attendance at church when it is made part of his four years' curriculum, as the effect that the discipline has upon his observance in later life, when "bright college years" have been put behind him forever, and when the "compulsion" is either a moral and spiritual one, or has been laid away between the folds of his parchment. A shining example of the aspect under which a compulsion that death only terminates can be viewed, was demonstrated May 2, at Saint Patrick's Cathedral, when amid all the pomp and circumstance of arch-episcopal ceremonial, Cardinal Hayes celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the night-workers' Mass founded a quarter of a century ago by Monsignor Luke Evers, of Saint Andrew's Church, and carried on since his death by the beloved pastor, known wherever press men foregather as "Father Bill" Cashin. A great city is the home of violent contrasts, and there is no need to go beyond that drawn by Mayor Walker in his speech at the commemoration dinner later in the day, "between that great crowd in the Cathedral this morning, the crowds in Saint Andrew's every Sunday morning, and the people who, at the very same time, are filling the night clubs." There is a certain school of political propaganda which is interested, for its own reasons, in representing the great cities of America, not as hives of human activity where good and ill are naturally at their intensest, but as "Babylons" of iniquity, engaged night and day, but more especially at night, in violating the national conscience. If any of its representatives were present at Saint Patrick's on the Sunday morning of May 2, it would be interesting to get their impressions.

THE reaction to the verdict against football which was handed down by the American Association of College Professors might have been anticipated. The widely discussed report suffered, in fact, from two weaknesses of generalization that made retort inevitable. The first was the cautious admission that the evil results of the game were not felt at "all institutions"; the second was the failure to be specific about vices more concrete than "hysteria" and "the tendency to exalt football prowess above all other kinds of excellence." We have therefore been treated to the spectacle of college presidents and deans in series, busily removing all stains from their own reverend campuses and conceding that the situation may be different elsewhere. Though the professorial report and the "parley" which preceded it were endorsed by many western faculty members, various executives have seen fit to declare the Mississippi valley and territories adjacent thereto, free from all blame. In his turn, President Butler of Columbia rather jauntily tosses aside the matter with a reference to the "report of 1915," which, at least in its authors' opinion, shows how the problem of athletics has been solved at one university.

THE conclusion to be drawn is obvious. The college professors have said many true things, but so long as the powers which really control campus activities refuse to lend an ear, no drastic reform is possible. Perhaps the only effective measure would be the publication of an empiric report on what happens at definite institutions during the gridiron season. A competent sport writer who collected "the goods" at colleges and universities which have so energetically whitewashed themselves during the past week, would place in the hands of the professors a document as impervious to presidential rhetoric as a battering-ram. But it may be desirable to delay the birth of such a document. An educational system created entirely by the authors of doctorate theses might be an exceedingly dull affair; and in sheer desperation its victims might yell themselves hoarse at a 'varsity debate.

NEW YORK and Brooklyn, so far as we know, were normal on a recent Sunday morning. Bandits in the down-town section were assessing damages done by random bullets to their high-powered cars. At the night resorts in the roaring forties, yawning helots were mopping up surplus blood and hooch, and making everything trim and snug for another long "night." Benjamina Gallibeaus, a good girl of sixteen, on her leisurely way home from church, was sitting on a news-stand with two companions of congenial age and tastes, possibly discussing the sermon, and almost certainly sucking an ice cream cone. And mounted patrolman James Conlon, booted and spurred, was chasing

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a small boy who was riding a bicycle along a footpath. The exact point at which normalcy will break into the police blotter, not to say the criminal calendar, has never been accurately mapped out. In this case it broke when the bicycle-boy, an agile young ruffian, put himself beyond the trampling hoofs of his pursuer, and when Benjamina "laughed." The case has ended in the Coney Island Court, where Magistrate Golden dismissed the charge, describing the arrest as one of the most "vicious" he could imagine. The incident makes a curious comment on the petty items that can be made to swell the total under the heading "arrests." Magistrate Golden made much of the fact that Benjamina "stood high in her church and came of a good family." For our part we cannot see why any well conducted man or woman, boy or girl, of no church standing whatever, and whose origins are shrouded in the most perfect obscurity, may not linger where they like and as long as they like, on any sunny Sunday morning, and laugh at anything this sad old world may have to offer.

IN his recent address before the first American Congress of Journalists, Dr. Alfonso Robledo, the learned representative of the press of Colombia, our nearest sister republic, pointed out several practical measures to promote the harmony and mutual intelligence of our American nations. He stressed with an impressiveness truly foreign the work that is being accomplished by our American schools of journalism, showing that our educational leaders would be wise to give a firmer note of conservatism to the journalistic curriculum, and thereby avoid catering to the excessive fiery quality of too much southern journalism. Dr. Robledo also urged a larger distribution in American educational and reading centres of the best books and periodicals of South America, directing attention to the difficulties of any student here who desires to consult first-hand discussions of problems that in their final development are liable to become international issues. It is to be hoped that the influential and distinguished representatives of the Spanish and Brazilian press who have been visiting the United States, will return to their homes firmly impressed with the spirit of our good will toward their different countries, assured that we can clasp hands more and more firmly, both North and South America, in the deeply significant phrase: "We are all Americans."

THE years and the sharp winds of Burgos have left their blight upon the lovely towers of one of the architectural masterpieces of the world—and the fair Norman Gothic cathedral, begun early in the thirteenth century and finished in 1567, after some three hundred years of growth and ornamentation, is reported to be showing signs of decrepitude. There are few travelers who will not recall the thrill of an early morning visit to this shrine, half dug into the side of a hill, the grey light of the Burgos morning struggling through the exquisite traceries of the windows, the rich and lovely floriation of the interior chilled to a gloom reverent and holy, the priceless tapestries and banners hanging limply in the damp of ages. The Spanish cabinet has done well to come to the rescue of this venerable shrine; Burgos in the older days was a city of great commercial importance: its annual fair was one of the trading events of southern Europe and still continues, although greatly diminished in importance due to the development of railroad traffic. Hence the spirit of lassitude, of tranquil reconsideration of a past importance, settles on Burgos, as on other outmoded market-centres of the world. Not only Spain but the whole of the art world is interested in the preservation of this edifice which represents the age of King Ferdinand, the sainted conqueror of the Moors, of the Englishman who became Bishop Maurice, and Meister Hans of Cologne, who contributed the perforations of the lantern and tower-points.

INTEREST in Spanish political and social happenings is aroused by the almost simultaneous deaths of two extraordinary leaders and organizers of opinion. Don Antonio Maura, internationally famous as the minister who demanded and obtained the execution of Ferrer, was a staunch conservative. The greatest achievements of his career were, perhaps, the decisive victory gained over Spanish anarchism in 1909, and the signing of the Mediterranean pact of 1907 which established the solidarity of France, England, and Spain with reference to their African policies. It is now apparent that both these developments had a profound influence upon the entire European situation; and they may be considered the first marked departures from the program of international isolation which had so long been characteristic of Spain. Don Maura, who remained a fervent Catholic to the day of his death, and who often gave his king the same kind of good advice which French monarchs had received from Bossuet, was nevertheless a man with an iron soul. The inflexibility of the Spanish character—a trait which is quite admirable but often rigid—was his to a marked extent.

IT is strange to note that this same trait governed the activity of Pablo Iglesias, whose death deprives Spanish socialism of its organizer and greatest leader. When he formed the party in 1879, there was only a small handful of people to stand with him. Even some of these proved distasteful to Iglesias, who trained his followers according to a rigid code of discipline and relied upon personal contact to gain friends and adherents. In spite of all that has happened in Spain since 1879, Iglesias's funeral was the occasion for a tremendous popular demonstration in which all classes and representatives of all political tendencies joined. He was, of course, resolutely moderate and held aloof

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from communism as well as from conservative capitalism. Today Spain seems to belong neither to Maura nor to Iglesias. But it cannot help remembering their names for a great while to come, as symbols of the tendencies latent in the era through which it passed to renewed importance as a world power.

FADDISTS and cranks are confined to no country, and the 1500 "reformers" who have just petitioned Premier Baldwin with a "royal commission" to consider the sad state of accepted spelling in England and to simplify it by enactment, will not lack for company or support if they decide to extend their propaganda this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, there are many reasons why America, just at present, should present the most congenial soil for the movement. Here the principle that government exists, first and foremost, to further any and everything that a resolute group of misfits considers timely, has long passed from its theoretic stage and has become almost a constitutional principle. The plea advanced by timorous and conservative souls in the old country that the initial cost of the change would be large, entailing as it must the reprinting of every text-book and classic used in education, would not have much weight in a country which, it is notorious (in Europe anyway) has more money to spend than it knows what to do with. While one can imagine the short shrift that would greet the argument, proffered by the hide-bound Saturday Review of London without a suspicion of its obsolescence, that the old spelling is worth while because it teaches a child "the great lesson so valuable in later life that the exceptions to a rule or principle are more numerous and important than the cases that come under it." Of what earthly use, it will be asked, is the training of a young mind in exceptions, when the world in which his work will have to be done is one in which exceptions will have been legislated away?

THE people of the United States have made Whistler's painting, Mother, a woman of art fully as well known as the Mona Lisa or Rembrandt's Hagar. She is the most fitting symbol of that feminine greatness which helped to build the nation—the simple, reticent, sacrificial womanhood that touches the heart and stirs recollection. And now that the canvas is going to the Louvre, years after its purchase by the French Minister of Fine Arts for a small sum, one has a feeling that the destiny which rules art has been both alert and kind. The ancient palace, built for kings and their glory, houses beautiful works of art as naturally as, under other circumstances, it might have offered hospitality to what was successively noblest in human life. Whistler, whose cosmopolitanism joined American birth to the most aesthetic of European careers, seems apart from places and origins. Nevertheless, we may indeed rejoice that so large a number of his canvases have come to America.

FEDERALIZING THE FILM

THE Upshaw bill is only the latest link in the interlocking directorate over public and private opinion which certain forces in American life have been working overtime to establish. On its face the proposal to create a federal commission invested with the power to decide what motion-picture productions shall live, and what their conduct shall be, smacks of absurdity. The most that could be said in favor of Canon William Sheafe Chase, who appeared in defense of the bill, is that he has sworn to uphold the constitution of the International Reform Association. If the proposed commission could be established and properly controlled, it would no doubt be subservient to the agencies responsible for its coming into the world. And until these give more proof of artistic competency and intimate acquaintance with the details of motion-picture production, there is really no valid reason why the people of the United States should legislate them into a super-business.

To empower seven individuals to "pronounce judgment on the screen entertainment of 17,000,000 people of our own land, and of millions more in countries to which American-made films might be exported," would be, as the Reverend John J. Burke, general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, declared in a public statement, "an unlimited grant of arbitrary power such as was never yet conceded to any agency of popular government." And indeed it was very easy for Mr. Charles Pettijohn, counsel for the motion-picture producers, to force Canon Chase into an admission that he has not reflected upon the technical duties or the possible expenditures of the commission. Acting on the theory that reform, when backed by the federal government, is able to surmount all obstacles of a practical nature, the sponsors of the new bill are content to rest the case on a matter of morals.

That morals are important we should be the last to deny. But though motion-pictures are still frequently a source of danger to the young and a spur to the passions of elder men and women, a reasoned consideration of what has been accomplished by the system of coöperative censorship established by Mr. Will Hays shows that the producers are normally ready to make changes suggested by those who review pictures in the interest of public ethics. There is room for further improvement through the same system. The work ought, perhaps, to be standardized and regularized. But between what it can do and what the suggested federal commission could accomplish, there is one abiding difference—the difference between an autocratic mandate and the public will. The Upshaw bill would accomplish for the motion-picture exactly what the government of Queen Anne succeeded in doing for Defoe when it put him in the stocks. No doubt the public would complete the resemblance by

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adorning the poor cinema people with showers of sympathetic roses. Such autocratic control would mean a serious blow to the tendency, evident from statistics, to disregard films which really offend seriously against morals and the sense of decency.

THINKING AND FEELING

IN an interview which reaches us, strangely enough, by way of the Irish Tribune, published at Cork, Karel Capek, original inventor and patentee of the Robot, has been voicing an alarm that is, perhaps, more generally felt than international courtesy allows it to be known. "I am horribly frightened," declares the Bohemian dramatist, "that the United States will teach Europe to work. No catastrophe more horrible than that could be visited upon Europe."

Capek's paradox, frivolous as it appears when its implications are not studied, need not be dismissed too lightly as one more of those intellectual capers for which Bernard Shaw so successfully set the pattern two decades ago. The "work" to which he refers (Capek makes this quite plain) is the minute division and specialization of labor without which the peak of efficiency and volume is seemingly unattainable. His fear is that it is being carried to a pitch which threatens "to destroy all capacity for thinking." One has no need to frequent the more advanced circles in Czecho-Slovakia to know that his misgivings are far from being his alone.

It is interesting, for instance, to see them appearing in a speech, made at a recent dinner to Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of Maryland, by Omer F. Hershey, one of the most prominent members of the Baltimore bar, and who, it is pretty safe to say, stands at an opposite pole of thought to the author of R.U.R. "Some decay" in American political thinking is all Mr. Hershey is prepared to admit just at present, and he confines it to the political field. But he admits it quite frankly and assigns a reason for it that is not very different from Capek's.

"Man may be a political animal, as Aristotle said," declares Mr. Hershey, "but Homo Americanus undoubtedly grows more and more non-political. He shows signs of losing the art of political thinking altogether. . . . Political thinking has gone out of fashion. The emotional centre of the modern world is no longer in the forum: it is mostly in the market place. . . . In business we demand great leaders, trained experts, engineers, chemists, scientists, and we get them and reward them lavishly. In politics we set up no such standard, offer no such rewards, and are satisfied with whatever we get, provided only our side wins." Mr. Hershey has a neighbor in the Maryland capital whose habit is to be incisive at all costs, but his conclusions do not differ greatly from those of his more urbane fellow-citizen. "The democratic theory," Mr. Mencken believes, or affects to believe, "holds, imprimis, that cads make just as good governors as civilized and self-respecting men; and it holds, secundo, that the notions of propriety and decency held by the mob are good enough for the state, and ought, in fact, to have the force of law."

The picture is dark. For those who, like the editor of the American Mercury, have lost, or claim to have lost, faith in democracy, it is of a darkness relieved only by the horrible relish of having been prophets of depths of inkiness as yet unrealized. But there are gleams and glimpses of brighter things—something, even at what seems to be the nadir of abdication, of that "budding morrow in midnight" of which the poet sang. Were national destinies in sole charge of the thinker, there might be some warrant for the jeremiads upon the decay of personal liberties and minority rights so greatly in vogue as small groups of determined men attempt to make one conquest the justification for another. The thinker, from his very isolation and in the advanced line of defense, holds a position particularly liable to surprise and "rush." Too often the cries of alarm by which he strives to arouse the sluggish and preoccupied mass behind him are stifled or misunderstood. "Wolf! Wolf!" is the most popular of all popular fables. Those who draw its comforting moral forget that the wolf came at last, and did thorough work.

Happily or unhappily, whichever way you take it, the cliques and coteries that make the regulation of private liberties their life task, seldom are satisfied when the thinker has been mopped up and a lid clamped on the outward expression of his inward unorthodoxy. The triumph over thought, however complete, is not to be compared an instant to the thrill that comes from the control of habit and custom. There is something tangible, something that conveys a consciousness of power, in the conviction that every non-conformist or rebel has been forced, in the conduct of his daily life, to feel at his throat the restraining hand of groups whose authority, so long as persuasion alone was its weapon, he had questioned and flouted. But there is something dangerous, too.

And it is just at this point, we believe, that the evil begins to work out its own cure. Because, for one man that thinks, there are ten thousand who feel. Few men or women, amid the preoccupations of their busy lives, have more than a distracted ear to lend to the warnings of political prophets that vigilance is the price of liberty. But there are millions who will stop, look, and listen when a concrete lesson, grown familiar through the very monotony of its recurrence, is bringing home the lesson in a way they cannot avoid nor ignore. Irritation often avails where vigilance has been found at fault. Communities which showed no energy at all in preserving their liberties when they were threatened, will often evince considerable enterprise in recovering them when daily experience has convinced them that they have been filched away.

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MEDIAEVALISM AND MODERN LIFE

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

(The following article by Mr. Cram forms a portion of an address delivered recently in Boston at the first annual meeting of the Mediaeval Academy of America.—The Editors.)

THE foundation of the Mediaeval Academy of America is an event the significance of which is, without doubt, visible to its members, and, I believe, equally without doubt, will show itself more widely with the years as its activities increase, as its scope grows wider, and as its relationship to life becomes more apparent. This foundation is no sporadic event born of antiquarian zeal and nourished on the pabulum of self-appreciation; it is, in a manner of speaking, an inevitable event, following on in due time as the result—in some sense as the fulfilment—of certain processes that have been operating and expanding for three generations. It is the outgrowth of life itself as this has been lived—hiddenly as compared with other more clamorous manifestations—by many who have, perhaps, struck deeper to its wellsprings than those who have been making the sort of history that they themselves confidently express in "outlines" of this, that, and the other.

It is this aspect of the Academy that I would emphasize; its inevitability under the circumstances, its province and its privileges as a summation of vital and significant, if thus far uncoördinated, movements, its intimate relationship to life itself—the life of today, the life of tomorrow and thereafter.

There is nothing more striking in recent history than the rediscovery of the middle-ages during the last hundred years, and the progressive appreciation of their significance, not only in themselves and in the chronicles of world history, but for us now in our own time of change and decay and rejuvenescence. A century ago there was hardly one who looked on mediaevalism (assuming that he did so fantastic a thing) save with eyes that at the most generous saw no more than a meaningless jumble of violent happenings that commanded a humorous contempt. They were the dark ages and that was the end of it; a fallow interval of general degradation that intervened between the glory of the renaissance and the greater glory of the nineteenth century. Even Hallam in his History of the Middle-Ages could say in a footnote that he had heard of three men who had read something of the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, but that he doubted if this could be said of any others in England.

When you come to think of it, it is not surprising that this should be so. The world of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was in every exact particular the precise antithesis of that of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; by this very difference it lived and moved and had its being. Any real consciousness of the character and quality of the middle-ages must have produced a grievous and distasteful searching of the heart while the acceptance of any mediaeval principles in any category of life must have brought the whole fabric to the ground—a catastrophe that may only have been delayed until the fulness of time.

I need not rehearse the old story of the gradual recovery of the mediaeval sense. It seems to have shown itself more or less contemporaneously in Germany and England, and a little later in France. At first it was visible in the literary and artistic fields alone, hardly more than a "false dawn" in an eastern sky not yet quite ready for the sunrise. From literature it extends into architecture, then to painting, while religion suddenly awoke to consciousness of its existence and gave its powerful incentive to the aesthetic revolution. Philosophy followed on with increasing momentum, and now at last, during our own generation, we have seen politics, sociology, and economics, wide-eyed and wondering, proclaiming to an indifferent world that here, in the very heart of the dark ages may, perhaps, be found the solution of the very problems of today.

Here is a very remarkable and yet a very normal sequence of events. Beginning in archaeology and proceeding to the dilettante and the connoisseur and so to the creative artist, this growing consciousness at last expands beyond the study of past things and the evocation of aesthetic emotion, and discovers for itself the reality behind the record and finds in this a fundamental truth and a dynamic energy that relate themselves to the very problems of contemporary existence. The architecture and the sculpture, the painting and the music of the middle-ages are no longer material solely for use as archaeological data and as the excuse for verbose and erudite monographs—they are living forms dispelling the lassitude of a later day, bringing new energy into what had become moribund. The philosophy of Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Hugh St. Victor reveals itself not only as the luminous predecessor of William James and Bergson and Einstein, but to supplement, to coördinate and to correct.

The Visigothic codes of Spain, the constitutions of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, Bracton's De Legibus flash a vivid light on our own increasing troubles with democratic political theory. The customaries and rules of religious orders, the charters of free cities, the laws and regulations of trade and craft guilds, the implicit principles of the feudal system offer their revelation of a possible way out of our industrial and economic morass. Knighthood and chivalry and the crusades make their own contribution toward the ma[k]ing of human life more beautiful and worth while.

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Francis and Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross proclaim once more the supremacy of spiritual values. The doctrines and devotions, the liturgies and the ceremonies of religion open a new vista through the tangled wilderness of Puritanism and atheism and sectarian degeneration.

This recovery of what I call the mediaeval sense, this entering once more into our own mediaeval heritage is also a stage in the restoration of our intellectual and spiritual balance. Great things grew out of the renaissance, some of them true and valuable, but much of their real beneficence was lost through too complete a preoccupation with them alone. The severance with the past was too complete, the revolution too successful. In the arts there was a brief period of exquisite and unearthly beauty when mediaevalism and renaissance overlapped and the best of both came into perfect union. The marriage was infertile; Dante and Shakespeare, flamboyant and perpendicular Gothic, the painting of the cinque-cento in Italy, Flanders and Catalonia, the sculpture of the transition—these things had their day, and passed. What succeeded was the progeny of the renaissance.

Very different was the case of economics, politics, the social and industrial systems, philosophy and religion. Here the merging had no efflorescence in beauty nor did it cover any appreciable space of time. With cataclysmic violence the old was abolished, the new instituted in its place, and a generation sufficed for the metamorphosis. Thereafter there was consistency in development, but it was a new thing altogether, and what the last four centuries have been is what they were made by the new power, without any admixture.

He would be courageous, indeed, who would claim that the revelations of this first quarter of the new century demonstrate a notable degree of success as the net result of this singleness of principle, purpose, and action. At the present moment there is no one department of human life that is not looked at askance and somewhere assailed for its glaring defects. The sublime confidence of the nineteenth century has given place to profound doubt, deep depression, and a poignant searching, if not of hearts at least of the esse of all existing things. The danger to man is now not a soporific optimism but a too all-embracing pessimism.

I think this result, this growing conviction that all is not "for the best in the best of all possible worlds" comes from the fact that we have built for ourselves since the last years of the fifteenth century, with its logical and triumphant culmination during the past fifty years, was the result of an unbalanced order that did not test and mold and condition its innovations by the body of eternal values established during the preceding era of some five centuries. All this potential corrective, this dynamic spiritual energy was discarded out of life as promptly and completely as was Gothic art, the guild system, or the free, democratic monarchy. The new system stood alone, secure in its own self-satisfaction. So long as the initial energy continued it spun proudly like a whirling top, but the law of the dissipation of energy worked implacably, and soon the equilibrium changed to instability, then to a conspicuous wobbling motion, and now it is not difficult to predict the calamitous issue, for the potentiality of secure balance was omitted from the glittering mechanism.

This, then, it seems to me, is one of the functions of the Mediaeval Academy: to redress if possible the lack of balance in current life by faithful reference to the experiences and to the deductions of the middle-ages, testing our assumptions by their convictions, weighing our actions by their deeds. Perhaps the one thing that most sharply divides the two eras is our difference in standards of value. Whichever is right there is no question that they are diametrically opposed. In all spiritual and material things there is clear and definite opposition, as much in sociology and politics as in religion and philosophy. These standards of value are the very foundations of life; if they are inadequate or insecure it matters not at all how Babylonian in their majesty may be the towering superstructures, they have no more stability or permanence than the "baseless fabrics of a vision." Within a decade we have come to a doubtful questioning of these very foundations, for centuries accepted as everlasting and unquestionable. Is it not possible that in the last great era of specifically Christian civilization we may find, if not the talisman of redemption, at least the tracing of the path that may lead to its achievement?

For this labor, this quest of the Holy Grail of salving and creative truth the Mediaeval Academy is well provided. Here already is the central community of fellows: scholars and students, priests and philosophers, men of letters, members of religious orders, followers of the arts, masters of science, men of affairs, amongst them the most distinguished savants of two continents. For them is the grateful task of uncovering, annotating, codifying, and interpreting the wealth of hidden treasures buried under the detritus of four centuries. Here also are the representatives of society at large, already 500 in number, who have seen below the tarnished surface of evanescent glory and ask for something better than what they have there discovered. It is they who give support and encouragement and who transmit to ever widening circles the newly recovered wisdom and the regenerated hope. I do not know of any way more promising of success, no movement in our own time more significant, no work that has a better guarantee of attainment, and certainly none with a nobler aim.

At last the scattered threads spun by lonely and courageous men have been gathered into the firm warp of unity whereon we are privileged to begin the weaving of the varicolored tapestry of a new life. Those that come after us will complete the pattern we have humbly traced, and to them will be revealed the full beauty of the finished work.

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THE RURAL RIDER RETURNS

By THEODORE MAYNARD

IT would not much matter that William Cobbett* has been neglected as a writer if it were not that he is generally misunderstood. He was one of the few writers in English whose sole object was to put what he had to say as plainly as words could make it. And there is no writer who had more important things to say. Yet he is still treated as though he were a quack with a gift of lucid expression.

This may be partly due to pedantry. The professors find it hard to believe that this farmer upon his horse knew anything about the sciences of political economy and history. And the governing class which he attacked represents him as a contentious demagogue. Thus the writer of the introduction to the new edition of the English Grammar brought out by the Oxford University Press, in his wish to picture Cobbett as an inveterate stirrer-up of strife, while giving the fact, carefully suppresses the reason why the grammarian was imprisoned from 1810 to 1812—which was that he had protested against the flogging at Ely of English militiamen by German mercenaries.

It is easy enough to say that Cobbett knew nothing about history or politics; but it is impossible to say that he knew nothing about grammar. This he had mastered while a soldier in Canada. And it was later to be his amusement to convict dignitaries in Church and state and literature (not even excepting the great Dr. Johnson) of solicisms of diction. Yet it is always less difficult for a man of Cobbett's class to grasp a political principle than to use language exactly.

We may legitimately be indifferent to the indifference of the pedants who, in too many cases, have dismissed Cobbett unread. For if he had not studied very profoundly the theory of politics, he saw more clearly than any man of his time the practical needs of his country; and, if he had not engaged in any original research in history, he had absorbed Lingard and had amplified and corrected his book-learning (which was thorough if limited) by that rarest of things in a historian, the sight of his own shrewd eyes. "Historians," he said, "should be careful how they make statements relative to places which are within the scope of the reader's inspection." And he proceeded to demolish the myth, which Lingard had accepted from Hume, about the making of the New Forest. As Mr. Chesterton says, Cobbett had a strange and high and heroic sort of faith. "He could believe his eyes."

He was no doubt all the better for not being, in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, an educated man. He had nothing to unlearn and he was not hampered by any feeling that it was not "good form" to tell unpleasant truths. Everything in his full and practical mind came out at the appropriate occasion. And nobody had an answer to what he had to say. What reply could one make except that the man was violent and eccentric and a trouble-maker? What other reply could one make to a man who was right?

If Cobbett was eccentric in many ways, his eccentricity, when it was not humorous—as in the famous incident of his hanging up of the gridiron outside his house in Kensington, or in his reference to his Register as the "tuppenny trash"—was practical, as everything, indeed, about him was practical. If he was violent, the rage which was the breath of his life always left his head quite cool. Though he was a master of abuse he never relied upon it, but only upon plain common sense. And if he was an egotist, his egotism, as Hazlitt has pointed out, had very little vanity in it. It was "new and good, manly and simple." Not a bad sort of egotism for a man to have!

The root of the objection to Cobbett is really that he was a dangerous demagogue. Well, he was a demagogue. And he was exceedingly dangerous to what he was fond of calling the "thing": that is, the war against French liberty, the national debt, septennial parliaments, rotten boroughs (Sarum he always referred to as the Accursed Hill) venal and incompetent ministers, non-resident and richly beneficed clergy, the burden of taxation, the crowded prisons and poorhouses, and, above all, the misery under which the farm-laborers lay.

Yet in spite of his violence of speech he was exceedingly moderate in policy, which is, perhaps, why the popular rising which he might have led never took place. He was too English to have been revolutionary in action. If his indignation at the robbery of the poor was boundless, he would have been content with very little: the mitigation of the lot of the poor.

It was characteristic of him that, despairing of anything coming to the farm-laborers from above, he set to work to show them how they might improve their own lot. With this end in view he wrote his Cottage Economy. In that fascinating little book he gave directions to men living on a wage of eight shillings a week as to the brewing of beer, the making of bread, the keeping of pigs, geese, turkeys, rabbits and goats, the salting of mutton and beef and the curing of ham, with the intention of making penury less oppressive. He had introduced Hampshire hogs into the United States during his residence here, and as he says, he stocked the country with them. In return he

** William Cobbett, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.*

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in vain to introduce Indian, or, as he called it, "Cobbett's corn" into England, as one means of helping to make the peasants of Surrey as independent as he had found his neighbors on Long Island to have been. His directions in Cottage Economy are always clear and specific. I have a friend in England who brews according to Cobbett's recipe, and the result is some of the best beer I ever tasted. (This is all the more to Cobbett's credit in view of the fact that he rarely drank anything but milk.)

It was characteristic of Cobbett, too, that the man who wrote the most amusing, perhaps the only amusing grammar we have—and certainly the simplest—should, even in a handbook of domestic science, bring in a controversial flavor. He concludes his directions for the making of rushlights (it was in a day when candles were taxed) by saying: "You may do any sort of work by this light; and if reading be to your taste, you may read the foul libels, the lies and abuse, which are circulated gratis about me by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, as well by rushlight as you can by the light of taxed candles; and at any rate, you would have one evil less; for to be deceived and to pay a tax for the deception are a little too much for even modern loyalty openly to demand." But before the outburst, he had been very specific in his practical directions.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was angry with Cobbett because he had promoted a little too much Christian knowledge for the Society's taste. He had written his History of the Protestant Reformation.

It is still customary in some quarters to regard this book as a reckless romance, but that view can be held only by those ignorant of the history of the period it deals with, or by those who suppose that a man must be inaccurate because he is bellowing at the top of his voice the truth that he has discovered. He based his statements upon Lingard, and put with violent emphasis the same things that Lingard—whom the Cambridge historians call our only historian worthy of the name—had deliberately put with a disarming caution. It is therefore possible to question Cobbett's tact, but it is not possible—except in the cases of a few minor details, as in his suggestion that Anne Boleyn was Henry's daughter—to question his facts. To this Cardinal Gasquet, the best of the historians of the Reformation in England, is sufficient witness.

The value of Cobbett's book lies in its vigor and vividness. It was designed to make a great impression upon the minds of its readers, and it did. There is still nothing better of its kind. Everyone should read it—not only the simple and uncultivated people for whom Cobbett wrote, but also, and more especially, the sophisticated and miseducated who raise supercilious eyebrows at his name. It might open their eyes. It might even open them very wide.

Cobbett had no great interest in theology. This was no doubt why, knowing what he knew, he was able to live and die in the Church of England. It was his concern to point out not so much that the reformers took away the supersubstantial bread as the material bread from the poor. A great piece of robbery had occurred, and he cried: "Stop thief!"

What Cobbett got from Lingard was a corroboration of something to which he had already had the evidence of his own eyes. He had been told of the benefits of the "glorious Reformation," but as he rode over England on his horse, he looked at the cathedrals, and cried, first, "the men who built these monuments to the service of God were not darkened in mind!" and then, "I cannot look at them without knowing that we belong to a fallen race!"

But Cobbett saw something else besides the cathedrals. He saw the abject misery of the poor. He saw what Goldsmith saw and—in addition—the cause of the evil:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

The Scotch economists had told Cobbett that England had increased in population and prosperity since the Reformation and as a consequence of the Reformation. Cobbett looked at England, and knew the economists to be liars. He saw everywhere churches much too large for the existing population; and asked why the churches had been built on such a scale. He counted the churches and found that, upon the basis of the figures that were currently accepted, there could have been no more, upon an average, than twelve men in every parish. "How then," he demanded, "could these churches have been built?" These were the things, as Mr. Chesterton says, "that stand out to tell the main tale of English history, even to a man who had never opened a book." And when Cobbett saw the new country houses, built like palaces of German princes, and the older country houses of the rich which were religious buildings transformed to domestic uses, the tale of English history was almost complete. "We should think it rather odd," writes Mr. Chesterton, "if a profiteer had a country house that he called the cathedral. We might think it strange if a stockbroker had built a villa and habitually referred to it as a church. But we can hardly see the preposterous profanity by which one chance rich man after another has been able to commandeer or purchase a house which he still calls an abbey. It is precisely as if he had gone to live in the parish church; had breakfast on the altar, or cleaned his teeth in the font." Cobbett saw the crime, and in a towering rage he set out to tell the people who had been robbed exactly what had happened.

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Cobbett was bitterly attacked in his own time for turning from Toryism to Radicalism, and he is still reproached for his political inconsistency. That there are minor inconsistencies is true enough. These were inevitable in a man who spoke and wrote so much as did Cobbett, and invariably without premeditation. But anyone who will take the trouble to read Cobbett must be struck with the fact that all that he wrote is of a piece. The labels "Tory" and "Radical" do not apply to him. He was always plain William Cobbett, the English farmer, and though it would be idle to pretend that he had no ambition, he never wished to be anything else but an English farmer. He tells us in his Rural Rides how he passed the door of the squire at Trotten and was looked at "uncommonly hard" by that gentleman. He returned the look, as he says, "with the cheek drawn upon from the left corner of the mouth, expressive of anything rather than a sense of inferiority to the squire, of whom, however, I had never heard speak before." There we have the man.

When he came across a squire, as sometimes happened, who was kind to his tenants and workmen, Cobbett faithfully records the fact, even in those cases where the squire openly disapproved of Cobbett's politics. But his business in life was not with such people. He wrote all his books and pamphlets, and not only his English Grammar, "especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and ploughboys." For he was the last tribune of the English people.

Mr. Chesterton has written the best study of Cobbett that we have so far had. Mr. Lewis Melville's biography is unsatisfactory, and though Mr. Cole has given us a carefully documented work, he is without Mr. Chesterton's capacity for swiftly seizing the heart of his subject. Here we have, as always in the case of Mr. Chesterton, a book full of brilliant and eloquent passages. And it sums up the final truth about Cobbett when it says: "The cause he felt within him was too mighty and multiform to have been fed with anything less than the Faith."

WANDERING RUSSIANS

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A PICTURESQUE theory of the fatalism and uselessness of the Russian exile has arisen in France. It is a theory false and unjust. It will spread to the United States—as already it has pervaded England—without a corrective. The reaction to an unjust generalization is both intellectual and emotional: I have preferred to answer this one with three pictures rather than with argument. The first two pictures are of Russian exiles as they exist, and a third picture is of the exile without hope and who can deserve to have none.

But one must first sum up the elements which have erected the generalization in the minds of those men in France who today are writing novels and plays in which Russian exiles take the leading parts.

In the first place, Russia existed for them in their first pre-war enthusiasm for Nastasia Phillipowna Barashkoff of The Idiot, and for Prince André of War and Peace. Turgenieff counted rather less. Jean Cocteau, who reminds one of a prudent, worldly, and successful Rimbaud in his accurate and inventive noting of sensation, has confessed as the next step the tremendous influence of the Diaghileff ballet, Petrouchka, Sacré du Printemps. An entire group of writers turned toward the complete immediacy of musical expression and attempted a compromise between their art and that of the composer. Rimbaud, who foresaw or accomplished everything that can ever be done with the French language, commenting on his own difficult and exquisite prose, had said: "It is as simple as a musical phrase." Thus, just before the war, Russia existed through its music rather than through its literature in the minds of young French authors. Shortly after, it existed as the salvation of France and of Europe in those early and momentous days when its weight was thrown, gallantly and with insufficient preparation, against the central empire to the tune of 1,700,000 dead. Not so long ago it existed with the thrill of harsh red notes of determined anarchy, and now, in the uncertainty of its affairs, it has receded into the distant East.

It has left behind it for the study and pity of Europe its countless emigrés; and the young French writers, still fascinated by the "Russian mystery," are hard at work. Quite a number of novels, which I shall not name, are the result—they are selling very well. Generally, as dénouement, they have a hopeless and inarticulate suicide in the back room of an all-night dance hall; they are odorous and stimulated throughout by ether, morphine, cocaine, heroin, and the fumes of alcohol; they are brilliantly illuminated with the glory of great names and the charm of very common ones—the Russian form for the Duchess of Norfolk pleasantly mingling in undocumented ignorance with the Russian form for Miss Patsy Burke. And, since the reticent souls beneath these names can scarcely be known to the young novelist, their psychology is always inexplicable, enigmatic; since, also, the young novelists have the tradition I have described, their books form a curious modern romanticism. They are romantic with their fatal figures desperately careless of life—with their love which is so near to hatred—

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with their religion of fatality. Their form is extremely modern—Victor Hugo transposed by Stravinsky.

This problem of the literary treatment of the Russian exile has but one importance. It is the only injustice one can still commit in regard to the exile. Almost anything that one can say—that the aristocratic and ill-balanced imperial government deserved to fall; that the ineffably imbecile attempts at intervention, Kolchak, Denikine, Wrangel, were a direct reversion to the historic blindness of the Duke of Brunswick—can be defended and sustained with argument. But these books which are the result of a false generalization create a general persuasion equally false and very cruel as to the character of the Russian exiles.

It is obvious that poverty and the uncertainty of life, exile and the loss of family, are elements which constitute a strain. It cannot be doubted that the majority of Russians living abroad are subject to this strain. But what is intensely important to the generous and accurate understanding of a large class of living and Christian human beings, is the application of one of the most elementary of Catholic conceptions—that a strain is in the nature of a test, and that there are two ways of meeting it.

The literary portrait of the exiles shows them meeting it with the assistance of drugs, indifference, and a great deal of style. In the present mental apathy of Europe this literary portrait has many chances of being taken as the observed and accurate picture of the facts. I say that there is another way of meeting the strain and that the majority of Russians are meeting it in that other way. The proof could, with success, be made a matter of statistics. I prefer to give two examples of the exile who is fighting, and a third of the exile who cannot but fail.

Geneva: The baton is raised for the preliminary beat and the elbow comes in for the bass viols to attack their opening in Ravel's La Valse. It is the birth of a waltz—the first ponderous, suffocating desire for waltz time. Gradually one sees the design. In the top gallery, Sonia, widow of General ——, is a little feverish as she hints at the time with her folded program. The waltz, of course, should be broken, she feels, coming as it does in bursts across the windy spaces of the years. It was perhaps clearer and gentler when she heard it at court on the evening her husband was presented to her, in that winter which was so particularly brilliant in the St. Petersburg of 1885. Yet surely not a rhythm of dissonance such as this, she adds—and her program pauses, uncertain of the beat. Then once again the waltz is triumphant in hallucinated excitement. She sees hundreds of twirling couples beneath the bright radiance of gold candelabra—dress uniforms of the Guard—and against the theme of the waltz she hears the flutter of talk.

Outside the concert hall, a cold mist rising from the lake parades down the bare Swiss streets, and an absurd jingling chime rings from the empty Cathedral. Sonia starts her round of the brasseries to sell carnations for what people will give.

Near Lyons: A most pitiable dawn realizes that it may not choose where it goes, driven by its stern master, the sun. Down from the high Alps, down from the lower and lovelier hills above the Rhone valley, it must descend to the city and seep through the heavy mists into the bare suburbs and the railway yards. The signal lights—green and red—become pale precious stones set in a light mounting of wires, steel uprights, parallels of glistening track. Wires tremble and an automatic switch goes over. The Vintimille—Calais express—runs gracefully through the yards like a thoroughbred picking its way clear of foot-holes. The great electric supply station is still much brighter than the dawn when, at seven, the night-shift wipes its hands on cotton waste, puts on all the coats it can collect, and goes home along the tracks through the mud.

Wladimir can never get over the impression that he is coming home after a dance.

Anastasia is dressed and there is hot coffee. Husband and wife breakfast silently. After Anastasia has left to take the early tram into the city and the dress-making shop where she is a mannequin, Wladimir attacks his problem once again—there is a deviation in the flight of shot which might come from a fault in the barrel. Yet in good rifles, this fault must be taken as eliminated. It must, then, come from the charging of the cartridge. Well, the elements are but few—is it quality of powder, quality of shot? Is it the wadding? The percussion? After the strain of a night with the dynamos, his invention with its diagrams of shot distribution can only have an hour's attention. But he will find the perfect cartridge. Undressing, he sets the alarum so that Anastasia will find hot tea when she returns.

Hearsay: It is a night to make one think of stories of famine and wolves. Intolerable flurries of snow beat against the doorways in the silent provincial street. A night to make the most careless wonder where stray cats can find shelter. In the house, once that of the Princess Prebejensky, a man sits close to an open fire. The furniture has gone; the pictures have been taken; in the library is a camp-bed and a table littered with reports. A samovar makes that comforting sound of a domesticated wind and is mocked by the real wind without, which enters the room through the cardboard in the window replacing the broken panes. The man drinks tea and finds little refuge in the house against the loneliness of the wind-swept plain. He is sleepless.

The committee today was disheartening: absurd gestures against famine; endless projects for schools; eloquent speeches against God—while the wind rattled the windows. How could one do anything when it was impossible to hear oneself talk? Talk was essential —and circulars. It occurred to the man that he was

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getting bitter. It seemed to him that all his work was like the new perspective that painters were talking about—the perspective of motion which, in a room for instance, altered the accepted relations of objects on the theory that to a moving body they had a dynamic and not a static value. The results were strange, unbalanced compositions with women walking out of the frame and already half gone. This extraordinary cerebral simplification of life, intensely earnest, indeed resembled his work.

Perhaps he was too old a man for the job. Tonight he regrets the old values in painting and the old values in life. He remembers, in Venice, the Pietro Longhi interiors. He remembers as a student taking tea in this very room. He remembers his pilgrimage to the Church of the Intercession of the Virgin, near Wladimir. From the twelfth century it had stood there with its images that were so little influenced by Byzantium, and had so completely the old Russian tenderness.

What has become of it now? What has become of the Prebejenskies in whose house he sits? Exiled—everyone was exiled. And then it occurred to the man sitting so miserably before the geometrical design which had failed to take the wind and snow into account, that he, himself, was the real exile. "They, the ones abroad and the ones who are dead, are exiled from a memory which is intact—while I, who have remained, have made a wilderness about me."

The kommissaar pokes up the fire and seeks an answer to his own accusation.

Phantoms

I will call them with a great bellow,
Holding my gun on the stoop;
They will come with the hordes of evening
In a silver sloop.

Their faces fantastic and painted,
Revealed to the look of the moon,
Silently they will disembark—
Weird platoon.

And I will raise my musket
For its last shot;
There will be a sound in the stillness . . .
A barrel hot,

A look of anguish on my old white face
As the smoke clears, and I see
The phantom marchers moving still . . .
Moving upon me.

Cold as the kiss of hell their steel—
Cold as the dread of cost—
To a man who has waited to battle his sins
To the last—and lost.

Then he will die at the sword-point
Who knew not how to live,
Who thought his sins were phantoms . . .
God, forgive!

HARRY MCGUIRE.

THE MONTH OF MARY

By ALICE T. A. QUACKENBUSH

THE gracious season of spring is here and it seems fitting that the month when flowers begin to bloom, called May in pagan mythology, should be set apart in the Christian calendar as the month of Mary. For hosts of blooms, such as the marigold, bear her name, while others, such as the narcissus, have been dedicated to her. A happy association, this, of the most ethereal of living things, with one who is purity itself. One might tell the flowers which are named for her and give the reasons. I am choosing rather to speak of those which have interested the painters.

Those who gave us the great Madonnas made frequent use of flowers in connection with the Holy Pair; they are as much a part of art symbolism as the blue of her robe. From the careful and accurate treatment of them, one may credit the artists with a sincere affection for Mary.

First in importance, of course, is the lily—always white—the Annunciation flower, and as such, especially sacred. There are many interesting legends connecting it with the Virgin Mother. Perhaps the loveliest is that of Mary's faithful knight, Saint Dominic, who asked for a sign from heaven as proof of her virginity. In a vision, he was directed to strike the earth three times with his staff, to reveal her life. After each stroke, a stalk of lilies appeared. Probably it is because of stories such as this that the masters so generally introduce the lily in their Annunciations. One of the most beautiful is that of Fra Filippo Lippi, with its vase of alabaster containing lilies, and its angel bearing the traditional lily wand and kneeling on a carpet of tiny flowering plants. A more modern Annunciation is that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In this, the Virgin is a figure of girlish innocence whose grave face reflects the beauty of holy thoughts. The Saint Michael seems a bit overwhelming to one familiar with the older treatment of the subject.

Although the lily will always be the Virgin's typical flower, painters do not hestitate to combine it with other blossoms as an offering to her. In a characteristic canvas, Ghirlandajo placed it with lesser blooms in a vase at her feet. This painting is filled with detail, and were the balance less perfect or in the hands of a lesser artist, there might be a sense of crowding. Personally, I presume to feel that the vase and flowers would benefit by a softer background—decided impertinence on my part. Certainly, whatever the master loses for the modern eye by this seeming over-care for detail, should be as nothing when compared with his reverential treatment.

And do you remember Giovanni di Paolo's Paradise, with its animals, trees and flowers, the lily being represented? A winsome thing with an unmistakably modern conception of the life hereafter for all its mediaeval lack of perspective. It breathes a spirit of geniality

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and a veritable delight in all things that are living.

Next to the lily comes the rose; queen of both heavenly and earthly love. Because of its variety in color, it seems not quite so perfect a symbol of spotlessness. A beautiful spray—full-blown bloom, bud, leaves—is to be seen at the left of Andrea del Verocchio's Madonna, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Fruit, such as the three cherries at the right of the canvas, are occasionally introduced with flowers.

The carnation is a bloom which one does not associate with sacred art; probably because of the amorous significance some moderns insist on giving it. You may recall, perhaps, an instance of this in Galsworthy's The Dark Flower—that masterly defense of an ugly theme. It is interesting, however, to find that Suardi of the fifteenth century thought it worthy a place near his Mother and Child.

One is glad that the more humble growths, the sturdy children of the fields, are also considered worthy of honor. In Memling's Betrothal of Saint Catherine, a lowly weed, the plantain, is used for carpeting, while one plant of anemone with its frail foliage and star-like blooms is in the foreground. In another treatment of The Marriage, the bride is receiving a wreath of roses from Saint Dorothea, patron of all flowers.

Another plant held in especial affection during the middle-ages, is the strawberry. In a Madonna by Van Orley, at the Metropolitan, the robes of the Queen of Heaven sweep many tiny, green-growing things, but are skilfully drawn aside to leave space for a strawberry in bloom. Possibly a reason for this regard is, that although it bears fruit which is edible, it may never reach a sufficient height to be confused with a tree—the symbol of the cross. It is because of this that it has been charmingly named "fruit of innocence."

Cloister Cobwebs

In a dim cloister
A Madonna stood,
Holding—flesh of her own flesh—
A Child of painted wood.

An ancient spider watched her—
His grey descendants tell
How their great ancestor
Knew Saint Francis well.

That silver spinner
Thought Bambino frail,
And wove all about Him
A protecting veil.

Round Mary and her wee One
Who cuddled to her face,
It shimmered from her halo,
A soft, unpatterned lace.

Ever since then, cobwebs
Have had a holy power
Over any little wounded place
Hurt within the hour.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

MR. BARNARD'S CLOISTERS

By EDYTHE H. BROWNE

APPROPRIATELY secluded on tree-shaded Fort Washington Avenue at One Hundred and Ninetieth Street, far from the noise of the busy centres of New York, stands Barnard's Cloisters, or rather The Cloisters, for the Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently acquired this Gothic miscellany of mediaeval columns, statues, altar pieces, and slabs from the distinguished American sculptor, George Grey Barnard.

The acquisition was made through Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who purchased the treasures for approximately $600,000 and then added forty-two sculptures from his own private collection to those already assembled on Washington Heights.

This newest annex to the Metropolitan will be open to the public for the first time on May 15 and every week-day thereafter from ten to five o'clock, and from one to five o'clock on Sundays.

Love of the sacred in art led Mr. Barnard through Italy, France, and Spain in search of these works of art that have since been styled "the greatest collection of its kind under one roof in the world." Mr. Barnard is not a Catholic; yet he has a Catholic's appreciation of truly inspired work. It was about twelve years ago that he erected the low brick building on Fort Washington Avenue to house these trophies of the sacred hunt—for the collector really had to hunt and dig for his choice pieces. He found chipped Madonnas in peasant wine-cellars and farm-yards, and small altars propping up broken fences around pig-stys. The Cloisters is now New York's great repository of European mediaeval art of the Roman and Gothic periods from the ninth to the sixteenth century.

The cloister garden or outer cloister contains the prize specimens of mediaeval art in the row of pink columns and the huge marble cross from the ninth-century cloister of Saint Michel de Cuxa. A stately Gothic arch dating from fifteenth-century Avignon frames the Cuxa group. The Stations of the Cross sunk in a side wall of the outer cloister still retain their original vivid hues.

Through Spanish doors, carved in grotesque designs by monks, one enters the monastery of Saint Guieham in the Desert, or inner cloister. In this museum of saints with its array of statues, columns, arches, altars, tombs, shadowy balconies, and alcoves with spirit-lights aglow in dark corners, whispering is more in order than loud talking. There are few windows; soft light filters through a cloudy skylight. The cloister has its close, nave, south transept, chancel, sacristy, north transept, and triforium. It is within these confines that the sculptures and columns are arranged where they artistically and spiritually belong. The Saint Guieham columns and capitals show the destructive hands of the French Revolutionists who drove the Franciscans out of France.

The new acquisitions from Mr. Rockefeller's collection include a fragment of an unusual stone relief from a church at Pont-à-Mousson. It depicts the Virgin sitting up in bed. Another relief in the passageway leading to the Cuxa columns details the death of the Virgin. Nearby stands a fourteenth-century Virgin and Child, a product of the School of the Vosges.

The famous Magdalen is of the Burgundian School of the fifteenth century. This lovely statue, a relic of the church at Nuits-sous-Ravières, is noted for its beautifully sculp-

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tured head of long hair. The German touch is discovered in the statue of the Virgin sitting on a bench, a book in her hand and the Baby Christ on her lap. A classic example of how well polychromy and gilding have been preserved through the centuries is seen in the statue of a bishop, Saint Ignatius of Antioch or Saint Augustine, who stands with an angel at his side holding a heart on a platter. The stony bishop was found in Caen in Normandy. The church at historic Chatêau-Thierry was the former possessor of the head of a man which now rests on a column on the balcony.

Of the hundreds of pieces that make up Mr. Barnard's original collection there are many that deserve special note, either for their marked beauty or for interesting associations. Above the main altar a stained-glass window from Toul is 700 years old. It reflects a mystic red and blue ray that harmonizes with the twilight of the cloister. Another contribution from fourteenth-century Toul is a small statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child. It was probably before this statue that Joan of Arc knelt each day as she passed to her trial. Our Lady in black marble, one of four known in France and reminiscent of the School of Isle-de-France, Our Lady in gigantic proportions made of wood for easy transportation on holy days through the streets of Spain, Our Lady in the group of the Holy Family, found in an abandoned house near Notre Dame, Paris—the Mother of God seems to have been the inspiration of every chisel and brush. Mr. Barnard's first "find" was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, cast among the ruins of a monastery in Moret, France. Beauty in ironwork is typified in the miniature iron ship that hangs from a balcony. It once swung before the altar in a little church in southern France as a votive offering to ensure sailors a safe voyage.

The brotherhood of saints is richly represented in this sculptured heaven. There is Saint Roche with his shell-shaped hat indicative of his journey to Jerusalem, Saint Denis who carries his head in his hands to suggest his martyrdom at Rome, Saint Martha, Saint Sebastian, and Saint Joseph. On the main altar the three wooden reliquaries or busts of the saints, which at some time contained relics, are from northern France.

Christ Arising from the Tomb is one of the most colorful frescos in The Cloisters. It once decorated the wall of a monastery and was almost destroyed when the wall was broken through to make way for a street. An odd cross of mixed design has been called the "veteran of the collection." It antedates the ninth century and has arms showing Celtic influence with lines of the Egyptian and Persian also evident. The year 1100 is the date affixed to the Romanesque baptismal font under a side balcony.

In the tiny vestry there is a valuable assemblage of small sculptures, the most storied of which is the fisherman's altar. A poor carpenter-fisherman of Normandy, anxious to honor his God in an humble way, carved this little altar from knotty wood and painted it a delicate blue. The Small Place of Prayer is a dim alcove resembling a monk's cell. It contains a centuries-old chair and an exquisite bit of sculpture—the Blessed Mother with the Dead Christ. The tale runs that incessant fondling of the figures by numerous devotional monks down through the centuries has lent an ivory smoothness to the stone.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is to be congratulated on securing this valuable collection of priceless Gothic and Romanesque art. An appreciative public will soon be making the journey to Washington Heights to do fitting honor to the sacred art centre there established.

COMMUNICATIONS

UNIATS AND THEIR RITES

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Your sympathetic editorial [The Way the Wind Is Blowing] of February 10, concerning the Alcuin Club's recent publication, Uniats and Their Rites, ignores certain insidious mistakes made by Mr. Stephen Gaselee. Quite rightly, you tell us that many eastern Catholics dislike the word, "uniat." It is a Slavonic hybrid used by Orthodox Russians and Roman Catholic Poles as a name for Ruthenian Greek Catholics. Its very unpleasant connotation is due to two facts: that the Ruthenian variety of the Byzantine rite dates from the pre-Nikonian liturgical reform in Russia; that, because of a tendency of converts to magnify liturgical unessentials, the rite was deliberately and unnecessarily Latinized by the Ruthenians themselves.

The first misleading statement made in the Alcuin Club tract refers to the illustrations. With the exception of the third picture, none of them is what Mr. Gaselee says they are: expositions of the dress of the Syrian Melchite clergy. The illustrations inserted in the pamphlet are photographs of a very unrubrical altar of the Roman rite with a priest wearing a cope for Mass and using a censer having bells. The Melchite clergy neither wear copes nor adorn their censers with bells. The tract has to do in great part with the Italo-Greek monastery of Grottaferrata. The illustrations are of clerics of the Syro-Maronite or Syro-Antiochene (ex-Jacobite) rites. Mr. Gaselee did well to describe Grottaferrata, for it best exemplifies Greek Catholic traditions. The Maronites and Syrians ought to be Melchites. They are the Catholic remnants of the Monothelite and Jacobite heresies which a broad-minded Catholicism has allowed to survive in a very Latinized liturgical form.

Mr. Gaselee says: "There are no less than three different Roman Catholic patriarchs of Antioch, each at the head of a different rite." As a matter of fact, there are no Roman Catholic patriarchs of Antioch at present. There is a Byzantine Catholic (Melchite) patriarch of Antioch, a Syro-Maronite titular, and a Syro-Antiochene (West Syrian) titular. The Melchite patriarch is the historical descendant of the original Antiochene bishop—of a line of bishops who at times have been out of communion with the Catholic episcopate. The Maronite and West Syrian patriarchs are descendants of convert Monothelites and Jacobites, respectively. To call eastern Catholics of non-Roman rites "Roman Catholics" is stupidly unscientific. "Courteous and reasonable people generally call any religious body by the name it calls itself." "Roman" is not synonymous with "Catholic." "Catholic" describes a creed and an allegiance. "Roman" is the name of a rite. Over eight million Catholics are of non-Roman rites but genuinely Catholic so far as papal infallibility and supremacy are concerned.

In addition to using the term, "uniat," and misusing the term, "Roman Catholic," Mr. Gaselee mentions an "Orthodox church." No such entity exists on earth today. For instance, the Bulgarian exarchate is out of communion with the Orthodox patriarchate of Constantinople but in communion with the Tikhonite Russian bishops. Nevertheless, Bulgarian exarchs, Russian monarchists, and pan-Hellenic Greeks are all Orthodox. The Orthodox churches are absolutely independent. Their only unity consists of the Byzantine liturgy and a denial of papal infallibility and supremacy. The latter is a

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dogma held in common by all eastern Orthodox and western Protestants.

Mr. Gaselee writes that the Ruthenians in their liturgies "use the Slavonic language written in the curious Glagolitic character, whereas the Orthodox employ the Cyrillic alphabet." I have not seen the Pauloffsky book mentioned by Mr. Gaselee, but I am quite sure that the Cyrillic form of letters is used in all the liturgical books of the Byzantine churches, Catholic and Orthodox, which use the Slavonic language in their liturgy. The Roman rite is used in old Slavonic Glagolitic characters in Dalmatia and in Czecho-Slovakia; the Ruthenian Greek Catholics use Cyrillic type—not Glagolitic.

Mr. Gaselee states that "there is only one monastic rule in the East, the Basilian." One wonders at the ignorance of such a writer, who seems never to have heard of the monastic regulations of Saint Theodore Studite. On pages seven and twelve the author of Uniats and Their Rites implies that clerical marriage, picture screens before altars, monkish beards, and long hair are essentials of the Byzantine rite. The Catholic Church teaches that clerical celibacy is a counsel of perfection. In the West she has raised this counsel to an obligation on all clergy. Clerical marriage has always resulted in slack ecclesiastical discipline. It is so in the East and it is so among western Protestants. (Even the United States navy no longer accepts first enlistments of any but single men.) Picture screens, as used among the Orthodox, are post-schism developments. They are neither essentially nor primitively Byzantine. The Vedenskyite Russian Orthodox bishops now marry and go clean-shaven. The Orthodox Rumanian clergy have shaved for a number of years. In Byzantine Christianity abstinence from clerical marriage, from shaving, from haircutting, from tobacco, from meat, and from wine is a counsel of monastic perfection.

Mr. Gaselee's misrepresentations are worst in the case of statistics. He asserts that there are 4,435,000 Byzantine Catholics (Slavs, Rumanians, Melchite Syrians, Hellenes, Albanians, Georgians, and Magyars) 270,000 Antiochene Catholics (ex-Monophosite West Syrians and ex-Monotholite Maronites) 5,000 Alexandrine Catholics (ex-Monophosite Egyptians and Abyssinians) 105,000 Armenian Catholics (ex-Monophosite Armenians and some Georgians) 70,000 Edessene Catholics (ex-Nestorian East Syrians and ex-Monophosite, ex-Nestorian or ex-Reformed Malabarese). Father Asman, S.J. (Ecclesiastical Review, December, 1925, page 570) gives: 7,597,425 Byzantines, 480,000 Antiochenes, 45,000 Alexandrines, 135,235 Armenians, 602,000 Edessenes. Pere d'Herbigny, S.J. (Lattey: The Papacy, Heffer. Cambridge, 1924, page 63) suggests a modest estimate of 6,200,000 Byzantines and 1,400,000 Antiochenes, Alexandrines, Armenians, Edessenes. The Assumptionists (L'Union des Eglises, Paris: September, 1925, page 430) give: 7,432,969 Byzantines, 595,000 Antiochenes, 45,000 Alexandrines, 105,000 Armenians, 507,488 Edessenes. Comparing the totals of the four estimates, we have: Gaselee, 4,885,000; d'Herbigny, 7,600,000; Assumptionists, 8,685,457; Asman, 8,859,660. May it be said truthfully that Mr. Gaselee is even approximately accurate?

Uniats and Their Rites states that "the suppression of varieties of ceremonial in the dioceses of France and among some of the religious orders came about when liturgical study was at a low ebb." The French diocesan uses were mere post-Tridentine accretions to the Roman rite. The Carthusian and Lyon rites survived because they were pre-Tridentine. The one man who was most influential in suppressing the lamented French uses was Dom Prosper Gueranger, the father of the modern liturgical movement. The French diocesan rites went out when true liturgical study came in.

In the matter of Anglican uniats, Mr. Gaselee exemplified the school of pedantic ritualism which still clings to the illusion that the Book of Common Prayer belongs to a Catholic family of liturgies and not to the heretical group of continental Protestantism. The modern Orthodox use the Byzantine liturgy as it existed before July 16, 1054. The Book of Common Prayer is an expurgated version of the pre-Reformation Roman rite, the ritual and ceremonial and dogmatic changes having been deliberately and conscientiously made by apostate liturgists who had ceased to believe in the divinely-instituted Sacrament of Holy Order and the objective Sacrifice of the Mass. When Anglicans return to the pre-Reformation religion, they will want the pre-Reformation Roman rite—the Pope, the Latin language, invocation and worship of the saints and their relics, purgatory, indulgences, and the five Sacraments of divine institution: Chrism, Unction, Order, Absolution, and Marriage. The nearest living relative of the pre-Reformation rite of Catholic England is the present Roman missal—not Cranmer's Book of Common Prayer.

L. Maynard Gray.

SOCIAL CREDIT

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:—I have just been looking through the article on Social Credit and the Just Price in The Commonweal of April 28. Just how and why does an article of this sort fit into the editorial policy of The Commonweal? "In setting out to reform the credit system, we must—," says Mr. Rodger. Who is the "we"? Is Mr. Rodger going to reform our credit system—just like that? Is it the purpose of The Commonweal to aid him? Did you ever know, in all history, of a credit system that was the invention of any gentleman named Rodger, or Douglas, or Jones, or Smith? Haven't all of them been natural growths?

"Every credit issued to the producer is value taken from the consumer," continues Mr. Rodger. This is a very nice, concise, sweeping statement. The only thing wrong with it is that it isn't so. True, there is an interest charge that must be passed on in the price; but in the first place, if Mr. Rodger would examine the financial statements of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers instead of gazing at his economic castles in Spain, he would find that, all things considered, it is so much lower than certain other elements of cost as to be negligible by comparison; and in the second place, this is not in reality a tax upon the consumer because the extension of such credit enables the producer and the consumer—who also is the worker and the earner—so to extend their activities that the consumer's balance, in the end, is larger.

Banks, says Mr. Rodger, would no longer say who should or should not get credit (for the extension of which they are legally responsible to their stockholders) but local committees. All that the banks would have to do, presumably, would be to hand out their stockholders' money wherever these committees directed, and if the loans weren't repaid, stick their hands in their pockets and whistle All Alone by the Telephone, for the edification of their stockholders. In the meantime, these committees, which somehow or other represent both individual trades and communities, would, presumably, wield gloriously monopolistic power in their capacities as trade representatives,

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while in their capacities as community representatives they would pass out the credit to the most popular rather than the most businesslike citizens.

The retailer, says Mr. Rodger, "would get payment from the bank for his purchases, including profit; thereafter the price his goods are sold at does not concern him" (!) Oh, for the life of a retailer! If he bought too many woodland rose full-fashioned silk stockings, size nine and one-half, and not enough French nudes, size nine, he should worry—the bank paid him his profit. Only, we assume, under this plan of Mr. Rodger, all the ladies in the community would cheerfully order in advance of him so there'd be no risk involved in his judgment. Anybody could be a retailer then, and the darlingest man in the community could be voted official retailer.

But why go further? It is about here that Mr. Rodger explains to us that under this brilliant artificial economic system a great thing would be accomplished. "If consumption is less than production, price will be less than cost. Price would therefore increase with the increase of the rates of consumption to production; but it would decrease with the decrease of consumption relatively to production."

But if this is the object, why all this bother about the Major Douglas plan? Why any necessity to change anything? This is precisely what happens today under the present natural economic system. Why does Mr. Rodger think the bottom dropped out of prices in the post-war depression? Wasn't it just because consumption decreased relatively to production?

This natural adjustment between production and consumption, however, does not seem to be accurate enough to satisfy Messrs. Rodger and Douglas. We learn that "if the ratio of production to consumption happened to be four to one, an article that cost $4.00 to produce would be sold retail for $1.00. The retailer would forward the $1.00 with a copy of the sales slip or invoice showing the cost price." Now quite aside from the fact that a sales slip and an invoice are two very different things, and that this plan would so heavily increase the clerical work in a store as to be a heavy and useless tax added to the cost of doing business, and that the bank couldn't afford to have an inspector of its own in the store to check up the cost price of every article as fast as it was sold to prevent the retailer defrauding the bank—doesn't it all sound rather silly?

Who, for instance, is going to determine the proper retail price? Whoever does must first determine the ratio between production and consumption. Just how will he go about determining the ratio between production and consumption on a given grade of silk stockings in a given size and shade? What periods of consumption and production will he balance against each other? Two pair produced on the same machines the same day may find their way across the retail counter months apart. The rate of consumption is constantly shifting. Who's going to take the census faster than the rate shifts? And who's going to guarantee the accuracy of the census when taken, because if it isn't accurate the whole plan fails? And how many census-takers will be needed to watch the consumption of French rolls on May 15, 1926, throughout the United States, and who is going to take care of the census-takers' useful jobs that they would otherwise have while the census-takers are busy taking census?

It wouldn't be very hard to prove that whatever of injustice exists in our economic activities today rests immeasurably more on our moral and mental shortcomings than on our economic structure itself, which is the product of centuries of practical experience. It is faulty in spots, perhaps, when viewed from abstract viewpoints, but, nevertheless, the best practical, working compromise that has yet been evolved to meet the needs of civilization as civilization stands today. As civilization improves it may be trusted to improve its own machinery.

PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN.

A CATHOLIC ARTISTS' GUILD

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have followed with interest the discussions in The Commonweal urging a liturgical and architectural renaissance. All are unanimous that a change is necessary and that now is the time to be up and doing.

May I intrude a criticism. It occurs to a well-wisher that the discussions travel slowly to a terminus. I suppose that is true of every forum; and while I have no program to offer, a suggestion comes from across the water that points to a conclusion. Your readers are aware of the prestige in England of Caldey Abbey. Its aims find public expression in Pax. In its pages, Dom Bailey, O.S.B., proposes a guild of Catholic artists to offset the display of church-goods houses. I quote: "It is impossible to look for any such union among ecclesiastical furnishing houses. The basis of such a union could only be commercial."

There is a Catholic Writers' Guild and a Catholic Actors' Guild; why not a Catholic Artists' Guild, composed of architects, sculptors, painters, stained-glass makers, wood-carvers, etc.? With such a guild of goodly numbers and headed by men renowned in these professions, pressure could be brought on the ecclesiastical purveyors to repent of their transgressions.

Aside from allegiance to any school or tradition of ecclesiastical art, it seems to an onlooker that it is high time for the men who do good things to get together, while the debate goes on. Could there be a more "acceptable time" than the present? The day is at hand to go back or to go forward; the past is safe ground, the future may hold its uncertainties, but the present is largely no-man's land, hedged in by barbed-wire commercialism.

REV. PETER MORAN.

JUDGE OR JURY?

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In a recent editorial entitled Judge or Jury?, there is a statement that "steady pressure is at work whose result, if successful, would be to heighten the power of judges and depress the power of juries."

The primary object of a court of law is to administer justice. The frequent miscarriage of justice is due—in part—to the failure of juries to bring in a verdict which is in accordance with the evidence. The success of most cases (tried before a jury) is dependent upon the cleverness of counsel. There are tricks in all trades—and the legal profession is no exception to the rule. Legal procedure is very confusing to the uninitiated—a clever counsel can easily take advantage of an unsuspecting jury.

The judge, on the other hand, is impartial. His trained mind can pick out the salient facts from the mass of unimportant detail. He has learned by experience when a burst of eloquence covers a weak case. Therefore, if the judge had the power to charge the jury on the facts as disclosed by the evidence, it would enable the jury to make a just finding.

ELIZABETH CURRY.

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THE PLAY

At Mrs. Beam's

JUST why the closing production of the Theatre Guild season should make me think of my friend's lament that magic has flown from the modern theatre—? Well, perhaps I do know why, after all. The connection is fairly obvious. This comedy by C. K. Munro (whose real name, I believe, is MacMullan) has about as much theatrical magic as an astute comic strip in an evening paper, and rather less broad humanity. It has moments of hilariously rich entertainment. Its characterization is merciless and caustic. It seems in a curious way to represent the striking back at life of a mind old enough for keen observation, but too young to have formed any important conclusions—certainly too young to have passed beyond the love of types to the mellowed understanding of individuals.

Nothing of Munro's has been seen on the American stage until this last week, and then, of a sudden, we find two of his plays blossoming forth on the same night. This rather unusual event has brought him much attention from the critics and aroused considerable public curiosity, generously whetted by adroit publicity. It is even whispered that the redoubtable Bernard Shaw thinks well of Munro, and so forth. But until the opinion of said Shaw appears in quotation marks, I like to think that it has certain important qualifications. It would sadden me considerably to think that Munro is really regarded in England as one of the empire's most promising playwrights. We have in this country, in George Kelly, an observer every bit as astute, a technician of considerably greater range, and a human philosopher of far greater understanding. Kelly also showed in Craig's Wife a lack of mature insight, a tendency to follow the formula "see the surface and you see all," but never to the astonishing degree of Munro. The latter has the devastating wit of his thirty-seven years, but the emotional and consequently theatrical development of a clever and bitter high school student.

All this may seem unnecessarily severe in view of the many moments of good fun furnished by the episodes at Mrs. Beam's boarding house. But I am sure that if you subtract from the present production the brisk direction of Philip Moeller and the impeccable acting of Jean Cadell, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, you would find the play dull, sophomoric, and fit chiefly for the efforts of amateur theatricals. The characters are merely sharply differentiated types. Miss Shoe, the managerial old maid "with cosmopolitan blood in her veins" is, if you want, a picture of all the managerial and busybody ladies of the world, but she achieves only such individuality as Miss Cadell's physical presence and perfected stage business give her. Mr. Dermott, the thief, suspected by Miss Shoe of being a notorious Parisian "bluebeard," becomes all the unscrupulous rascals of all time, and his traveling companion in crime, Laura Pasquale, is all the moronic parasites of the globe rolled into one. But not in the sense of being individuals through whom we catch universal elements. They are merely type patterns in whom we see as much individuality as Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne can contrive—and, of course, that is no mean quantity. The quality of human mercy as well as the comedy gruel at Mrs. Beam's is pretty well strained.

I have a feeling, mounting slowly to a conviction, that what the Theatre Guild most needs is some one person delegated to the task (and abundantly equal to it) of talking with, persuading, cajoling, and inspiring existing American playwrights with a view to bringing forth from them finer material than any they are likely to furnish of their own initiative to commercial managers. The old-fashioned publisher used to do as much for promising writers, and, no doubt, individual managers are doing this all the time. But the Guild could become a much greater constructive force by helping in this way to create its own dramatic material than by continuing forever to import such ready-made froth as Mrs. Beam's. If I am doing the Guild an injustice in thinking that it is neglecting an opportunity at its doorstep, I shall gladly yield space at any time to an authentic account of the Guild's policy in coaching, coaxing or coercing American playwrights.

R. DANA SKINNER.

Pomeroy's Past

IT would be a gross misnomer to call Miss Clare Kummer's extravaganza, Pomeroy's Past, a problem play. Yet, it does, in its own hilarious fashion, present us with a problem. Does nature, in her benign scheme for the perpetuation of the race, occasionally, as it were, miss a process? Is it possible for a man (or woman) to feel the paternal (or maternal) instinct very strongly, with a complete absence of the mating urge which is its customary and traditional prelude? I rather think it is.

Pomeroy Chilton is a very exemplary, quite wealthy, and over-protected young man in a "restricted" suburb. His protection he owes to a masterly elder sister, who saves him the trouble of making up his mind on any conceivable eventuality, and whose general oversight of his life ranges from what socks he shall wear to what girl he shall, in some indefinite future, marry. But Pomeroy's philoprogenitiveness is too strong for a genteel round of golf, bridge, and platonic interludes with the nice girl Amanda has picked out for him, to smother it. From an orphanage that lies handy to the eighteenth hole, he adopts a charming little girl of five, and installs her surreptitiously in his celibate apartments. Pomeroy at last has a little angel in his home.

To persuade the overbearing Amanda to consent to the scheme, an elaborate web of intrigue and mystification becomes necessary, packing three acts with a series of uproarious situations which never once flag or creak.

No one can act what is called a "perfect little gentleman" so perfectly as Mr. Ernest Truex, and in Pomeroy's Past he has a part that brings out unsuspected depths of likable fatuousness. Merely to watch him move across the stage, bearing his exiguous inches modestly but manfully, is a joy for those who still relish finished study. Merely to listen to his little hems and haws as one point after another in his tenuous fabric of invention goes home to his sister's virgin but, on the whole, tender heart, is a refreshment. And his perfunctory wooing of the exuberant sewing-maid when a stern sense of duty has convinced him that in no other way can his responsibilities be discharged, deserves that abused epithet, a "scream." Miss Laura Hope Crews gives a study no less finished of the woman most of us know, in whose life carpets, window curtains, and spring cleaning have little by little become life's foreground. Of the rest of the cast it is praise enough to say that they have caught the infection of Miss Kummer's verve and give it worthy support. The faculty of honest laughter must be dormant if audiences do not pack the Longacre Theatre for weeks to come.

H. L. S.

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POEMS

To Scheherazade

Your eyes, two cups of fire,
  Yearn into mine;
The flame of my desire
  Lifts at your shrine.

Palm-trees, languorous, dense,
  Murmur, hour after hour—
I long for frankincense,
  Pomegranate, lotus-flower.

I long for coral, gold,
  Jewels of amber, jade;
These, where your white hands fold,
  Against your dark brocade.

You call me, and I go,
  Burdened with sleep;
I know, as dreamers know,
  The night is deep. . . .

SAMUEL HELLER.

When the Master Came

And when the master of the house came home,
A servant met him and the servant said:
Master, my master, while the feast was spread,
The great house toppled, wall and roof and dome.
The armored hall where your soul banqueted,
The cup of crystal and the ancient tome.
They are as ashes in a catacomb,
Spilt is the wine and broken is the bread.

So is the house brought low, the fattened soul
Is taken captive at the sumptuous feast,
And dust has fallen on the plume and scroll;
The sign of the apocalyptic beast
Is written on the fountain and the bowl—
Belshazzar's signet scribbled in the East.

HAROLD VINAL.

He Never Found the Time

He never found the time to spare
To make her flower bed.
Another spring he wouldn't be so rushed,
He always said.

With him afield all day, I guess
She passed some lonesome hours;
She wouldn't mind so much, she told me once,
If she had flowers.

The house is simply stacked with flowers,
They are everywhere—
And she lies smiling there, all by herself,
And does not care.

MABEL CORNELIA MATSON.

Ballad

That horse is much too big for him.
He should be kept at home.
The beast goes on for miles and miles
And comes back wet with foam.

One night they galloped fiercely in
From a half day's ride,
The boy fell shaken to the ground,
Sick and terrified.

His mother took him in her arms
And carried him to bed.
"Oh, the spaces and shadows!"
Repeatedly he said.

* * *

She leaned against the barred gate—
"Why, oh, God," she cried,
"Did you give my only son
Pegasus to ride?"

GRACE WICKHAM.

Progress

Tall columns like grey snow against the green:
A locomotive screaming over a crossing.
The owl, the snaky locks, in brooding stone:
A steam-derrick in agonized creaking and hissing.
Perpetual poise of arm and javelin:
Motors catapulting into a valley.
A gold vase silence is buried in:
Sirens out of the fog bellowing shrilly.
A pyramid frozen toward its star:
Whirr of metallic birds lifting and roaring.
Endless dull sand, where footprints never were:
Square-windowed towers heavenward endlessly sneering.
  Light-hearted men, saddened, dying, dead:
  Light-hearted men, saddened, dying, dead.

CLEMENT WOOD.

Restoration

Does water always clear?
There was a pond where images were thwarted:
But when we came again
Something which stirred was quieted.
And bending then
We saw in that same place
Our faces undistorted.

Oh, even here
Will there be stillness spread
And clarity which cures?
Will you look down and see my face,
I, yours?

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

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BOOKS

New Realism in the Light of Scholasticism, by Sister Mary Verda. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MATERIALISM has never been an entirely respectable philosophy. Even when identified with such great names as Gassendi and Hobbes, it was still suspect by the majority of thinkers. Today it is quite without acknowledged following, save for George Santayana (no materialist at heart) and those belated Marxians who mistakenly see in it a support for their economic program. American "new realism," on the other hand, is eminently living and thrice respectable. Making its first appearance in 1910 with The Program and First Platform of Six Realists, it has in the last fifteen years driven idealism and pragmatism out of our most important strongholds of learning, and may fairly claim to be the ruling philosophy at the present hour. Unlike materialism, it has come to terms with teleology and theology. It is moral and devout. But what if this new realism should turn out to be, after all, only the old discredited materialism? Such at least is the thesis of Sister Mary Verda in her important work, New Realism in the Light of Scholasticism.

This volume offers the most thoroughgoing examination of new realism that has yet been made. The author is scrupulously fair and accurate in giving the main tenets of the system —if system it may be called. By means of long excerpts, she permits the six realists to tell their own story, and then subjects it to the closest scrutiny. The result is devastating.

In the first place, the new realists, forgetting the scholastics, claim to have discovered the philosophy in harmony with common sense. "It is necessary," they say, "to go back . . . far back to that primordial common sense which believes in a world that exists independently of the knowing of it, but believes also that that same independent world can be directly presented in consciousness and not merely represented or copied by 'ideas'." There is no doubt that new realism, scholasticism, and common sense are all agreed thus far. But in their interpretation of this "independent world," the new realists depart widely from the other two. They scornfully reject the scholastic idea of substance, although, as Sister Mary Verda has no difficulty in showing, they have never understood it. Professor Perry writes, "the principle of substance, betrays realism into the hands of its enemy," and says elsewhere that a substance, as contrasted with its qualities, is simply "a name or some one of its attributes arbitrarily singled out for the purpose of identification." According to this philosophy, a man never, for example, perceives a physical substance such as an apple but only a group of qualities such as red, hard, sweet, etc. These qualities actually exist, the substance is only "a name." According to the scholastic philosophy, on the other hand, the substance is actually that which exists in itself and is perceived, while the qualities exist only as modifications of it which are apprehended by the mind as modifications. There can be no question as to which view is in harmony with common sense. The plain man supposes that he eats an apple, not that he is eating his sensation of sweetness.

Having resolved physical things into quality groups, it is easy for the new realist to maintain that these quality groups can become thoughts. From Professor Perry again: "the same elements compose both mind and body; and . . . these common elements embrace both sense qualia and also logical abstractions . . . when things are known, they are ideas of the mind. They may enter directly into the mind; and when they do, they become what are called 'ideas.' So that ideas are only things in a certain relation; or, things, in respect of being known, are 'ideas'." And from Professor Holt: "There are no two such things as knowledge and the object of knowledge, or thought and the thing thought of." The content of thought and the object of thought are identical, or, more briefly, thoughts and things are of the same nature, what Professor Holt calls "neutral stuff," although, as he explains, there is really no "stuff" there. In this way all the difficulties of dualism are overcome and, in the triumphant words of the new realists, "the epistemological problem is solved."

Difficulties remain, however, for poor common sense. There are six of us, let us say, looking at an elephant. Here we have, common sense would believe, one real elephant and six separate, more or less adequate ideas of an elephant, varying according to our attention, interest, previous experience of elephants, etc. "No," Professor Perry would assure us, "the one real elephant enters directly into the mind of each of you, and when he does, he becomes what is called an 'idea'." Thus the one real elephant would seem to have been miraculously multiplied into seven, all identical and all still one. This is bad enough, but worse is to follow. "Your error lies," the new realist would say, "in supposing that there are six private minds involved. There are no such things as private minds. The popular notion that one cannot know what is in another's mind, except by inference, is a great delusion. My idea may be your idea, and my consciousness your consciousness. In so far as people are thinking about the same thing, their minds are numerically identical." So it is really not the elephants that have increased but the minds that have diminished. Instead of one elephant and six minds, we have one elephant and one mind, and that mind is all elephant.

If the human body looks rather sick in this philosophy, having been demoted from the position of a substantial thing to that of a mere group of qualities, the human mind looks far sicker, as it has become a mere function of these qualities. In the celebrated search-light analogy of Professor Holt, the nervous organism corresponds to the search-light, and the mind to the illuminated portion of the landscape. Or in Professor Perry's words, "elements become mental content when reacted to in a specific manner characteristic of the central nervous system," or again, "consciousness is . . . an excerpt of things, which a cerebrally equipped organism selects for its special purposes from it surrounding environment." It seems a little strange that an organism, which is only a "name" for a group of qualities, should have selective powers and special purposes, but let that pass. The important point to notice is that the mind with all its activities of attention, memory, imagination, volition, judgment, and reasoning, is reduced by the new realists to the "awareness" of environment possessed by a responsive nervous organism. Spirit must be denuded of everything spiritual, mind of everything mental, before it can satisfy the logophobia of the new realists.

Do they, then, themselves admit the accusation of materialism? Far from it. "On the contrary," they would say, "we are Platonic idealists. We believe in God as a subsistent in the class with other subsistents such as 'relations, classes, numbers, space, time, . . . ideals contrary to existent facts, e. g. justice; imagined entities, e. g. centaurs and satyrs; illusory and hallucinatory objects such as the snakes of delirium tremens.'" (This amazing potpourri is taken verbatim from The New Rationalism, by E. G. Spaulding, one of the six original new realists). Such a mongrel Platonism is far enough from

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Plato, but it is consistent with the new realist pan-objectivism which, denying the existence of anything subjective must find a place in external reality even for errors and illusions.

The whole case may be summed up by saying that the new realists are indeed materialists but are also, inconsistently, phenomenalists, teleologists, sceptics, and pseudo-Platonists. There is nothing "new" in their philosophy except its novel amalgamation of heterogeneous elements. But, if anything, the phenomenalistic tendency predominates. The fundamental tour de force by which mind and matter are united through being stripped of all substantial reality is found in exactly the same form in William James, who derived it from Ernst Mach, and behind Mach it can be traced to John Stuart Mill and ultimately to David Hume.

Whatever the most appropriate name for the movement, however, and whatever its ancestry, Sister Mary Verda shows conclusively that in comparison with the profound and harmonious scholastic realism, this chaotic new realism is as the Grand Central Terminal to the Parthenon. Her book is not perfect; her introductory chapters on idealism and pragmatism are somewhat superficial; she neglects the British realists, such as Moore, Russell, Whitehead, Alexander, Broad, and Joad; among the Americans she fails to differentiate, as she should, between the abler views of Professor Montague and those of his colleagues; but these are errors of omission rather than commission. In the main arguments of the volume she is magnificently convincing, and easily outclasses her antagonists.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Life of Mother Eugenie Milleret de Bron, Foundress of the Assumption Nuns, by Alice Lady Lovat. Germantown, Pennsylvania: Academy of the Assumption.

"THE wide-spread congregation of the Assumption," writes Cardinal Bourne, in his preface to Lady Lovat's book, "possesses its own marked individuality in the spirit of its subjects, in the trend of education of its pupils, and in its power of winning and holding their lasting affection. The life of the foundress makes clear to us the sources of this individuality."

To me personally—a former pupil of the Assumption nuns during the lifetime of the foundress—Lady Lovat's revelation of her life and character serves to confirm the impressions of my girlhood when, for several months, I was a pupil at the mother house of the Order at Auteuil, Paris. It was in 1874, shortly after the shattering experiences of the Franco-Prussian war and the Paris Commune. The Auteuil convent was the mother house of the congregation, and the headquarters of the mother-general, its foundress. There, too, was the novitiate, or training-school of the novices, under the guidance of Mother Therese-Emmanuel, the first associate and able assistant of the foundress. A goodly portion of Lady Lovat's book is very rightly devoted to the personality of this extraordinary nun—exteriorly a high-bred, gracious woman of the great world; interiorly a saint and mystic. For in her long life as mistress of novices, Mere Therese-Emmanuel shared with the foundress the forming of that "marked individuality of spirit" to which Cardinal Bourne refers.

Among other remarkable women then at Auteuil, a great heroine in the eyes of the schoolgirls was the directress of the pensionnat, Mother Marie Seraphine—courageous, big-hearted, energetic superior at Auteuil during the siege of Paris, and the Commune of 1871. When the convent was seized by the Reds in a search for rumored "hidden treasures," she marched boldly, a soldier at either side holding a loaded pistol at her head, leading the Communist officials from tower and garret to basement and cellar, gayly pointing out nooks and crannies they had overlooked, gayly laughing in their faces when their search failed to reveal the expected treasures and secret passages. Later, when government troops were beseiging the Reds, when bullets were raining in the convent grounds and shells bursting in the house itself, then Mother Seraphine and her little band of Sisters became ministering angels to the sick and wounded Communists. Of such stuff as this were the early mothers of the Assumption—heroic, high-souled women of brilliant intellect, ardent piety, and gallant hearts.

But to all—whether the older nuns, the younger novices, or the pupils—the foundress herself, Mother Eugenie de Jesus was "notre Mere," "our Mother"; so absolutely, by nature and by grace, the right person in the right place, that even we careless school children knew instinctively that the Hand of God was in it.

If I were to say what most struck me in Mother Eugenie de Jesus, it was the sense of utter straightforwardness, the dignified simplicity of truth and justice. There was an atmosphere about her of a sort of glorified common sense, that made one feel one could go to her in any difficulty, great or small, with absolute confidence that it would be settled and settled right! No fear that that clear head would fail to penetrate the trouble, or that big heart fail to comprehend and, comprehending, to deal justly. And one would be dismissed with a genial smile, an affectionate gesture, a humorous word of cheer that left peace and satisfaction and courage in the soul. There was about her a reflex of those heavenly attributes in Father Faber's hymn:

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea;
> There's a kindness in His justice which is more than liberty."

This much of the personality of the Mother Foundress of the Assumption even a schoolgirl in her 'teens could recognize. Of her history, of her profound learning, her varied accomplishments, her splendid achievements, and the veneration in which she was held by distinguished personages of the period whose names pass through the pages of Lady Lovat's book, I had no means of knowing at that time. But in this sympathetic biography we learn in its fulness the extraordinary way in which, as Cardinal Bourne writes, "the Creator fitted her to be the originator and organizer of a new and powerful force in the educational work of the Church."

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

Our Times: The Turn of the Century—1900-1904, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

WHAT does the space of twenty-five years signify? Can it bring true perspective, or merely an enlargement of humorous vision? The distinction that is here, without the difference, may lie in the individual age of whosoever reads Mr. Mark Sullivan's gallant survey of the years at the turn of the century. To those in mid-channel, with Mr. Sullivan, it brings that which he declares history itself should be, a "resurrection"; to the younger readers, an amusing pictorial recital of an incredibly funny age; to those already in the twilight of elderliness, a vivid account of those headstrong days when youth, as ever, was headed straight for perdition, whether on the trail of free silver, or the elusive quest for

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Klondike gold, or wandering among the quieter (and possibly more dangerous) new concepts of government and statesmanship that were emanating from a certain professor of history at Princeton University.

Be that as it may, any age will read this book with pleasure. For as he writes of a nation in the making, it is a species of history in the making that Mr. Sullivan offers. It is conglomerate and it is random; but no more than life itself to which history should hold up the mirror. It is reportorial writing, therefore lively, readable, with a power of observation photographic in nicety. From the surface painting of modern journalism (of which this is an able instance) it is a long cry back to the ejaculatory erudition of Carlyle—to the smoothly rounded periods of Macaulay; yet, Mr. Sullivan, with his keen grasp of the larger history, is akin with such writers as these who fulminated in their day against methods of presentation, outworn and dry as dust. Mr. Sullivan speaks of John Bach McMaster's History as being nearest to his own ideal; and he adheres closely to Van Loon's conception of the importance of the rôle played by the average man. No one among journalists and reviewers seems to remember Roland Usher's Rise of the American People, startlingly fresh in its original consideration of the life of every day.

From the book one picks a flaming head-line of reminiscence here and there: "The Gibson Girl; Little Annie Rooney; Mr. Dooley; Budweiser; Shirtwaists; Bicycles; Rudyard Kipling; a Dewey Arch." One reads with sympathy, understanding, humor, as each case may be, of many things; of the heroic life and death of Dr. Jesse Lazear; of the world expansion of these United States; of the increased output of silk stockings and cosmetics. Mr. Sullivan writes of the vanishing frontier as one of the causes of unrest among the growing population of 1900. But to youth—and this is merely the story of youth in one epoch—there is always, will always be a "last frontier." Below this mass of extraordinary material assembled so carefully, is a stratum of clear, hard thinking. Politically, Mr. Sullivan is well equipped to deal with the forces that gave rise to the restlessness of those stirring days, bringing out the leadership of such men as Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Sullivan is fundamentally honest in his questioning—do the times make the man? He is again honest in his wonderment of where the greatest value, for the oncoming generations, may lie. Is it in the material enrichment of man—the mass production of motors—the new direction of social evolution—the slow but sure conquest of disease? To many, the latter would seem to be the ultimate answer. The story of the fight against yellow fever in our island possessions, of the heroic endeavors of such scientists as Dr. Gorgas and Walter Reed, is an epic, too little known, too soon forgotten.

In the last event, however, looking back over not years but centuries, it is impossible to signal out one period from another; each looms large according to the individual consciousness of man. The underlying impression of this book is that it is a history of change—which applies not alone to America, young and turbulent among the nations, but is common to humanity in all ages. Circumstances, conditions, boundaries may alter, permanence being a rare commodity in the world. Yet the enigma that is life persists, finding no more adequate solution through the generations than the old words of the Preacher: "The thing that hath been it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

MARTHA BAYARD.

The Days of Dickens, by Arthur L. Hayward. New York E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

DICKENSIANS vary in fidelity and omniscience, but every one of them would pay a substantial sum if only they could view the military demonstration by the impact of which Mr. Pickwick was abruptly separated from mother earth and, incidentally, introduced to Mr. Wardle. Now it is the noble purpose of Mr. Hayward's book to supply us with information about martial and other demonstrations of the Victorian time. With the help of yellow memorials of every sort—the novelists, the newspapers, old theatre programs—a really delightful excursion into the faded days between the 'thirties and the 'seventies is undertaken. The author is not, of course, an exhaustive or encyclopaedic guide; he describes only what he is interested in or familiar with, so that numerous important aspects of the era are not even indicated. But the gossip is tart and profuse; old fashions and means of conveyance appear in momentarily resurrected streets; and the gleanings from Dickens are generously thrown in for good measure.

The London of the 'thirties was being built. "Trafalgar Square had recently been made when Queen Victoria came to the throne, though the Nelson column was not erected until some years later." The Square and the streets adjoining—indeed, practically all streets—were noisy and often characterized by a prevailing umbrella motif. Omnibuses had just come into fashion, "oblong, rectangular boxes, with windows at the sides and a large window in the door at the back." You gazed, if you were in the mood for shopping, at mercantile establishments upon which plate glass had as yet made only a slight impression. Advertising frequently assumed the sonnet form, it being felt that there was nothing like a ditty to sell a "Thompson's crinoline." And perhaps, soon after you had been decked out in your best, an urchin crashed into you with an exemplar of "the iron-tired, four-wheeled velocipede that made its first appearance about 1860." Dinner in the evening was still preëminently a family affair. "Many a man earned constant invitations by his skill in dividing a chicken or slicing a tongue."

What clubs were one may learn from Thackeray, although Mr. Hayward adds many a piquant detail of his own. But they were more exclusively the property of the Upper Ten than were the "pleasure gardens" at which immense throngs congregated. Some delightful social moralizing might be drawn from the fact that the Surrey Music Hall was "never so full as when hired by Spurgeon for some of his early revival services." The pleasures of entertainment did not, however, make a heavy inroad into the average middle-class budget, which managed nicely on £150 a year. But there was a vast crowd which had no way of arriving at so comfortable an income; and of this victimized crowd Mr. Hayward tells in one of his most colorful chapters: "The agonies endured by these children chimney-sweepers were terrible. The skin of little lads of four or five years old had to be toughened, for when they first climbed the chimneys they would come down with arms and knees streaming with blood, their knees looking as if the caps had been torn off. The master sweep would be waiting below, ready to rub the raw flesh with the strongest brine he could get and immediately afterward drive the child up another chimney."

But from such truly Dickensian spectacles Mr. Hayward goes jovially to the life of the concerts, theatres, and exhibitions. His chapters on these topics are unusually interesting

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and instructive. Who would not have enjoyed hearing Madame Persiani in The Barber of Seville, or listening to Charles Keane in Richard II? Perhaps the Waxwork Shows—Madame Tussaud's especially—would have proved still more entertaining. With these and a multitude of other subjects, Mr. Hayward's book is full to the brim. It will be useful beyond measure to the lover of Dickens, and really pleasurable to the reader who has a fanciful interest in what people were doing a century ago. Possibly I should add that the illustrations themselves are evocative of more reflection than could be set down in several columns.

G. N. S.

The Key to the Study of Saint Thomas, by Francesco Olgiati; translated into English by John S. Zybura. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.25.

"OUT of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," which being interpreted means: a metaphysician will write in a metaphysical way—and, thank heavens, the author is a metaphysician for he has given to the world just the kind of key to Saint Thomas which is so sorely needed. In a day when genuine psychology has degenerated into "psychologism," when the philosophy of becoming has run riot over speculative thought, when entities are dissolved into environment, and when categories are biologized, it is indeed a tonic to find a defense of the philosophy of being.

This work does not cover the same ground as other "keys" or introductions. It is not so much an addition to what has been already done as an emphasis. It makes no attempt to improve on the historical side of Aquinas so admirably done by Monsignor Grabmann, nor on the philosophical or theological synthesis of Peques, Sertillanges, or Gilson, but it does propose to stress the keynote of the philosophy of Saint Thomas, namely, his intellectualism and his metaphysics of being. It is just this emphasis which constitutes the value of this work—and it value is really great.

The book is divided into five chapters dealing with being in the metaphysics, theodicy, theology, and other branches of Thomistic philosophy, and finally with being and intellectualism. It is replete with references not only to the Summa but also to the other works of the Angelic Doctor, particularly his masterly De Veritate. Because the author has gone to first-hand sources and not to ad mentems there is a clear-cut distinction between the idea and the universal—an important distinction which is so often lost sight of by less profound students of Saint Thomas.

Frequent use has been made of the L'Intellectualisme de Saint Thomas of Pierre Rousselot, without at the same time adopting his general theme which is dubiously Thomistic. But we cannot help asking ourselves the question: Would it not be better, in the light of the author's insistence on being as the keynote to Thomistic philosophy, to define intellectualism as the primacy of being over thought rather than as the "primacy of thought over action" (p. 106)? Probably the latter definition had a national inspiration, namely the desire to set off Thomism against the atto puro philosophy of Gentile, but certainly it would have been more complete if it set it off from every kind of subjective philosophy as well. Be this as it may, this well-informed author has produced a work which along with those of his celebrated colleagues, Cordovani, Zamboni, and Gemelli, stamps the University of the Sacred Heart of Milan as the centre of the Neo-Thomistic revival in Italy.

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The Sonnet Today and Yesterday, by David Morton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

THE reader of David Morton's study on The Sonnet Today and Yesterday will be rewarded with some very pithy observations and some elementary discussions regarding this ancient form, the favorite of the older poets of every land and the resort of many versifiers down to the present day.

Mr. Morton might have made a more thorough study of the sonnet in its practical developments, and given our present-day writers some information and guidance more definite than they generally possess. If he had merely told them that the sonnet was nothing more than a form of stanza that had been found a logical arrangement for the development of thought, a picture, a small drama, or a moral he would have done some real service to the cause. The older mind was more syllogistic and logical in general and the beauty of cause and effect with the "accidents" in their proper place created a beauty in themselves that seems quite vanished from modern thought. Mr. Morton utterly neglects Spanish literature—the prime literature of the sonnet, inherited from the primitive sonnet-writers: he would find a sense of this form among writers of Castilian verse today, far broader and more philosophically correct than among the Italians.

The Shakespearean sonnet is a form of somewhat greater emotional effect: the touch of lyrism in many of the poems composed in this genre would not very favorably impress the Latin expert in versification; the use of the final couplet at the end of the sextet, especially in the independent, second-breath manner of too many of our modern sonneteers, would affect him as a serious fault of composition, as a violation of the basic rules of unity in the form. We have had several much-lauded sonnet-sequences published lately without any sense on the part of their authors or the critics that they were lacking in metrical quality, in the rich variety that is given the form in Spain, South America, and Italy, but with a deadening of color, feeling and even reasoning that will only bring the sonnet into a greater disrepute than that into which it has already so grievously and unjustly lapsed.

THOMAS WALSH.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Statesmen of the Old South, by William E. Dodd. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR DODD'S attitude toward historical characters and the problems that confronted them is much like the attitude of a small boy toward a mechanical toy. He is (apparently) not so much interested in the character as an individual, a personality, as in what "makes it go." You are made to see the prizes for which the great man struggled; the methods he employed to gain the support of the motive energy which we term the electorate; and the broad bare outlines of the personal equipment he brought to the task. In the present little book, which is a reprint of lectures dealing with Jefferson, Calhoun, and Davis, a definite snubbing of psychology is compensated for by a capable, synthetic grasp of political history. Perhaps the treatment of Calhoun is the most valuable. At least it renders an imperfectly understood genius intelligible and human, by showing what Calhoun was really trying to do. "His method of uniting the people of the South," we are told, "was to show them that without such union the greatest interest of their section, slavery, was doomed. Calhoun sought to weld together his people on a basis of economic interest just as Clay had sought to build a 'solid' North on the basis of a high tariff." Decidedly in the modern style, this keen and realistic book ought to enlighten readers of American history.

Ovid and His Influence, by Edward Kennard Rand. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

THE exposition of Our Debt to Greece and Rome goes on steadily and more or less merrily. Sometimes that delightful irony which is one of the more fascinating traits of classic life mellows the discussion, thus whetting the appetite, bringing thanks to the lips of those who have been trained in their poets, and exhorting those who were not to see that their children are more fortunate. Dr. Rand's little book on Ovid is a case in point. He takes you carefully through Ovid's life and work, speaking—as a good guide always should—whimsically but with due attention to what are beauties and abiding glories. Best of all this author knows vastly more than his subject, so that there are suggestive glints everywhere of mediaeval and modern letters, of the ironic attitudes struck up by life in all times. Ovid was, of course, an irreformable pagan. A man about town, he amused himself finally with the ancient myths with a detachment more modern than that of the avowedly blasé columnist of 1926. But is there something deeper in his work? "Nor," says Dr. Rand by way of answer, "does Ovid fail to give us that criticism of life which to Matthew Arnold is the essence of literature. Gilbert Murray, who has come nobly to Ovid's defense, finds, after all, that our poet's criticism of life is slight. It is such as is passed by a child, playing alone and peopling the summer evening with delightful shapes, upon the stupid nurse who drags it off to bed. I venture to see in Ovid a spirit more mature than this. His mimic world is no toy fancy, a thing apart. He rather has absorbed life into it as into the only verity that remains eternal amid the flux and flow. Ovid dwells in his mind rather than in the images that it creates. His thought is so little obtrusive, his art is so careful, that we too hastily circumscribe its limits instead of stretching our own imaginations by its aid. Ovid perishes for his style—like Cicero among the philosophers—no less than for his wit." At all events, Ovid is well worth knowing, at least through his present interpreter.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus seemed to be in an absorbed mood, and, as generally happens, his silence made him the target for general conversation.

"Spring at last, Doctor!" hazarded Miss Brynmarian, with a soulful glance at a rectangle of blue sky between two sky-scrapers.

The Doctor coughed, viciously and unnecessarily.

"I have noticed it," he replied. "May has set in with its customary severity."

"The news from England is bad," ventured Tittivillus.

The Doctor looked around for the first time that morning, and fixed his monocle in his eye.

"I think the news from England is very good," he retorted defiantly.

Tittivillus gaped a little, for the Doctor's social theories, unlike his own, are notoriously of a conservative cast.

"I think the whole Labor movement is in danger," he asserted. "This general strike. . . ."

"Who is talking of the general strike?" said Angelicus pettishly. "As for your remark, Tittivillus, permit me just one observation before we dismiss the trifling and unpleasant subject. The Labor movement is always in danger. It is in danger whenever it moves. No! When I remarked that the news from England was good, I was referring to something beside which the mere question of wages per ton, and the inconvenience of an English summer without open fires are as nothing. I had greater matters in mind. And since my mood for silent study has been rudely interrupted this morning, let this be a warning to you all never to judge of the comparative importance of events from the space accorded them by a frivolous press."

With these words the Doctor produced from his pocketbook a fragment of newsprint.

"Here is the real strike," he proclaimed. "Here is the protest for which the world has been waiting. The absurd, ungrammatical, inharmonious, cacophonous, and degrading misuse of the tongue which we are forced to share with England, has been attacked, and attacked in its own home."

Brittanicus started, and seemed to remember an urgent errand in a neighboring office. But the Doctor laid a heavy and restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"No, no, Brittanicus," he rumbled. "You shall listen. For some months the office has suffered your derogatory remarks upon the pronunciation of English in the land upon which, for economic reasons, you obtrude your spats and cane. You shall now hear what a dramatist has to say upon the indignities to which it is subjected in the country you refer to as 'home.' "

The Angelicus intonation was rising, and the library sat quiet with an air of refusal to take responsibility for what they had aroused.

"Mr. St. John Ervine is an Irishman," pursued the Doctor. "That is to his credit. He comes from Belfast, which is rather less so. But such things are trifles beside the nature of his crusade. I will read you the scanty and garbled report which an Anglophile press, heavily censored, allows to reach this country whenever an Irishman, even though he be an Ulsterman, has something of importance to say:

" 'Last night Mr. St. John Ervine, the dramatist, in a public debate arranged with Mr. Nigel Playfair, attacked what he termed the vile cockney accent and the terrible Oxford voice.

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He appealed to the young women in his audience to refuse to marry any man guilty of either. The Prince of Wales, he declared, fails absolutely to sound his 'r's' when he speaks, though both the King and Queen Mary do. The Prince frequently says 'howp' when he means 'hope.' One of his brothers on public occasions refers to the 'Dook of Yawk'."

"Is that all?" asked Brittanicus, as the Doctor's voice ceased.

"It is all that has been allowed to reach us," admitted the Doctor darkly, restoring the clipping to his pocketbook, "but anyone acquainted with the forces at work for the anglicization of our commonwealth knows there was a great deal more. Mr. Ervine can hardly have failed to supply some samples of the terrible Oxford voice to which he refers. Its virus, I am afraid, is beginning to reach these shores, in the folds of the baggy trousers and in the welts of the absurd brogues worn by Rhodes scholars, and threatens to substitute 'good-nate' and 'good-bay' for manly American phraseology at parting, pick 'flars' and put them in a 'vawse,' refer to the younger and fairer of our citizenry as 'gairls,' eat 'orringes,' paint 'pickshers,' attend 'leckchers,' and eventually (though this I refuse to believe) follow the score in baseball 'matches'."

"You can't stop the wheels of progress," said Brittanicus oracularly.

"What you refer to as the 'weels' cannot only be stopped, but put back on the rails," retorted the Doctor. "If needful [Angelicus hesitated for an appreciable moment] by constitutional amendment. All that is necessary is that the American people be aroused to their danger.

"Why not arouse them yourself, Doctor?" cooed Miss Brynmarian. "I can't think of anyone better qualified."

The Doctor looked a little self-conscious. He drew back from his desk and, for the first time, the library noted that a pile of closely written pages which they had taken for rejected contributions, was all in the Doctor's crabbed, characteristic script.

"What you see," said Angelicus, "is, as a matter of fact, the ms. of a monograph which I wrote a few years back entitled The Influence of Character on Pronunciation, and I was revising it for the press when my work was interrupted. I think I may claim for it that it puts an obscure matter in its true light for the first time."

"What does it prove?" asked Brittanicus, sceptically.

"For one thing," said the Doctor, "that the clipped, smothered, and bobbed pronunciation that is reaching us today comes from effete countries where men have hardly room to breathe, far less to speak, and its adoption is a national danger, of which, failing a worthier, I have undertaken to warn our people."

"How do fanatics speak, Doctor?" asked Brittanicus.

"Through the nose, always," answered the Doctor.

"And politicians—?"

"Through one side of their mouth, depending on which cheek they keep their tongue in."

"And reformers—?"

"Through their hats—invariably."

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